AUGUST
No. 77

SICK

MAG.
35¢

THE WORLD TEN YEARS FROM NOW

DILLY NEWS

NEW YOK'S FICTION NEWSPAPER

FUNDAY, AUG. 3, 1980...

TRUTH IN PACKAGING

IN ARABIA, THEY SELL CONCENTRATED ORANGE JUICE... YOU JUST ADD A QUART OF SAND!

ROOM TWO TWO PHEW

THE PENMANSHIP TEACHER IS VENUS DE MILO

BOOK PREVIEW:

ENSICKLOPEDIA

No. 77

August, 1970

SICK

Volume 10, Number 5

I COULDN'T STAND UP FOR THE NATIONAL ANTHEM!
I HAD MY LUNGS X-RAYED AND IT DIDN'T SHOW ANYTHING—NOT EVEN A CHEST!
NUTHIN
I CLOSED THE MATCHBOOK COVER BEFORE STRIKING AND I STILL GOT BURNED!
MY TEETH ARE SO BAD MY DENTIST HAS TO HOLD THEM UP FOR X-RAYS!
I TRIPPED ON A FORTUNE COOKIE AND FRACTURED MY HIP IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT!
MY BREATH WAS SO BAD EVEN MY DOG AVOIDED ME!

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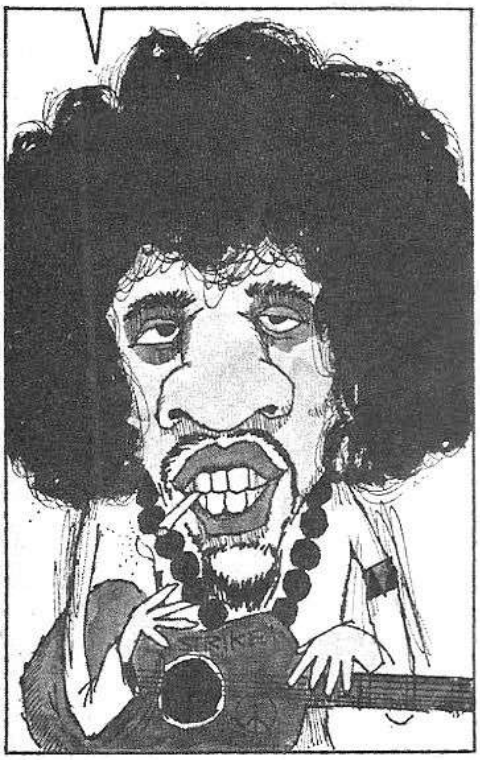
music

THE FOLK TALKER

Art by Jared Lee
Script by Steve Skeates

There is a new kind of folk-singing going around which isn't singing at all. It's recitation. While the performer strumms a few basic chords on his guitar, he tells the audience a long, drawn-out story—about how you can get 28 flavors at Howard's Restaurant, or why motorcycles are better than pickles. Exciting things like that. It goes something like this...

Hi. My name is Artful Guppy. I'm a famous Negro spiritualist.



Well, I'm not a truly **ethnic** Negro spiritualist. **That's** fairly obvious.

But I did used to belong to this chain gang group. We called ourselves "The Chain Gang Singers."

And what I used to do is blow lead hammer.

That means I **played** lead hammer. "Blow lead hammer" is music talk. Or as **we** call it—jargon!

We were on the road for quite sometime. But then the group broke up. And I decided to go out and do solo work. Hammer solos.

But it never went over very well—sort of like the way **this** is going over.

I used to stand there on the stage, with my hammer and an anvil, and go Clang, Clang, Clangclang—like that.

But the audiences never thought it was very thrilling.

So, I decided to give up the hammer and become a famous personality.

I bought a guitar, learned how to play a few basic chords, and started capitalizing on my great sense of humor.

You see, I have this fantastic way of coming up with extremely funny comments—right off the top of my head, so to speak.

Like, for example, the other day I was having a conversation with this girl I know. I was telling her how I was trying to organize a Woodstock Recitation Festival.

And all of a sudden, she said, "You know, Artful, you're a lousy conversationalist."

That got me mad.

So I turned to her...

...and right off the top of my head, I said—

Oh yeah? So's your mother!

That showed her.

That's just one example of the hilarious guips I come up with. I could tell you more, but not now.

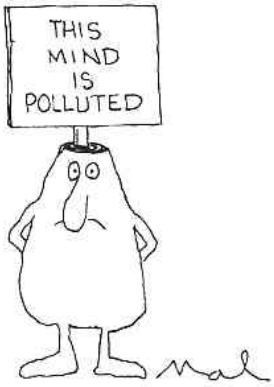
I want to get this ridiculous recitation over with. For one thing, this constant strumming I've been doing——this same chord over and over and over—is starting to drive me up the wall!

Sickcerely Yours

Your Ecology spread, "Glory, Glory, How Peculiar" was a masterpiece. In fact, I handed it in as my school assignment on an Ecology collage and got an "A" for your efforts. You guys can do my homework for me anytime.

Bill Atwood
New York

Ed: Don't tell your teacher where it came from. This magazine is a pollutant.



"Glory, Glory, How Peculiar", in your June issue, was beautiful. Even my teacher loved it. He read it to the class. Please do more articles on pollution.

Alice Gamlin
Phoenix, Ariz.

Ed: For or against?

In your poem, "The President Speaks", I want to make one thing

crystal clear: It really hit the bullseye. This was true satire, so how come it appeared in Sick?

Phil Warren
Los Angeles

Ed: Just bad luck.

Why do you guys constantly criticize our President and Vice President? The caricatures of President Nixon were not exactly flattering, you know. He does the best he can, and the fact that he talks funny shouldn't expose him to such ridicule.

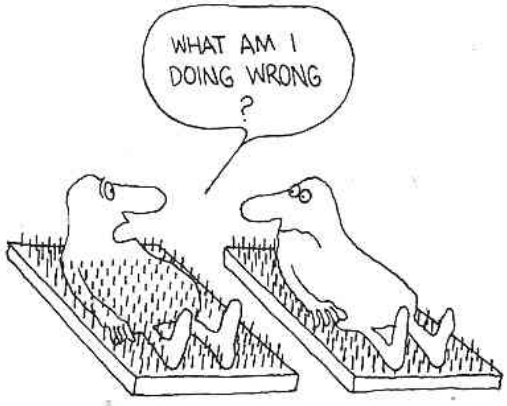
E.J. Marino
Chicago

Ed: You write funny, E.J.

I was startled to read all the insults you cats have to take in Sickcerely Yours. They are all lies. It seems to me people should appreciate funny magazines like yours. One of the best articles I read was "Sleazy Rider".

Steve Warlick
Atlanta, Ga.

Ed: We hated that article.



I like my new boyfriend but he's very uncouth. In fact, he's a dirty, loud-mouthed, selfish, vain, conceited slob. What am I to do?

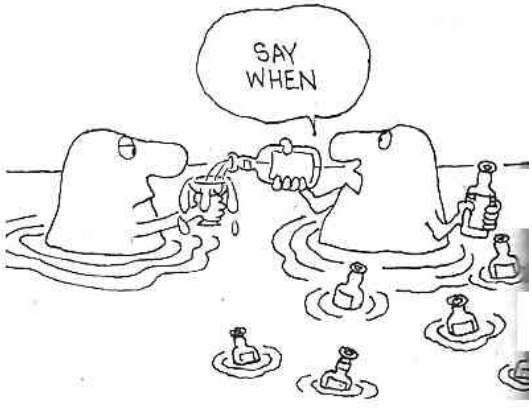
RATTLED

Ed: Be a little more understanding. After all, nobody's perfect.

I read that pro letter in your June Issue about Hippies. I don't think the serviceman who wrote the letter should be ashamed to sign his name to it. This is supposed to be a free country to express your own self. No person should be put down for his own opinion. I agree with him in every way because I understand these types of people. Probably if you saw me on the street you'd say I was a Hippie. Looks can deceive. Don't put down what you don't understand or dislike. Keep the faith, serviceman.

Florence, N.J.

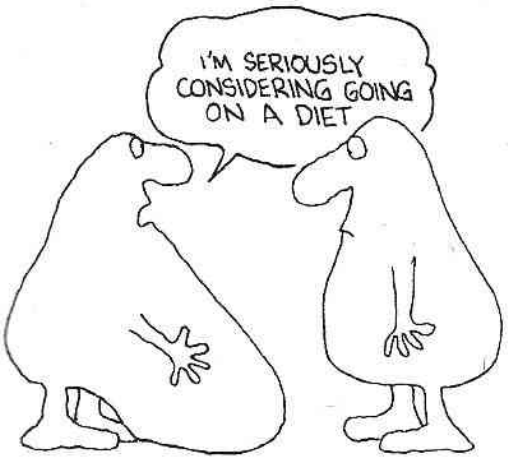
Ed: You didn't sign your name.



Maybe you can help me out with my love problem. It seems that my new beau is the outdoor type, and I happen to be the indoor type. How can we get together?

HUNG UP

Ed: In hallways.



My question is this: can a 16-year-old High School cheerleader find happiness as the wife of a 93-year-old Tasmanian botany teacher from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania?

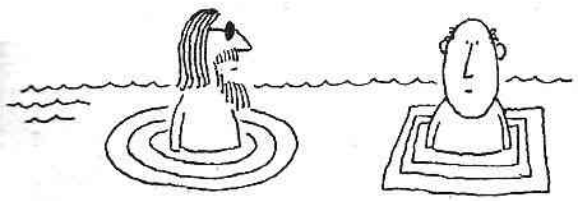
UNDECIDED

Ed: No, but it would make a great TV comedy series.

Sheldon Goldberg wrote that he's been an indian all his life. I'd like to know what tribe he belongs to. I have been searching for the long lost members of my tribe all over Manhattan. We may be soul brothers.

Leo Rubinowitz
Bronx, N.Y.

Ed: We did that joke in the last issue, Leo.



The Fly-In-The-Plate place mats in the 10th Year Annual were just groovy. I fooled all my friends with them. I also liked the Report Card For Mothers in the May issue. I enjoyed every sick minute of your magazine.

Anthony Forlenza
Staten Island, N.Y.

Ed: You see, we get nice letters, too.

In your last letter you had two articles putting down doctors. What have you got against doctors? You show me one case where a doctor hasn't made a house call when he was needed. Come to think of it, you guys really need a doctor, know what I mean?

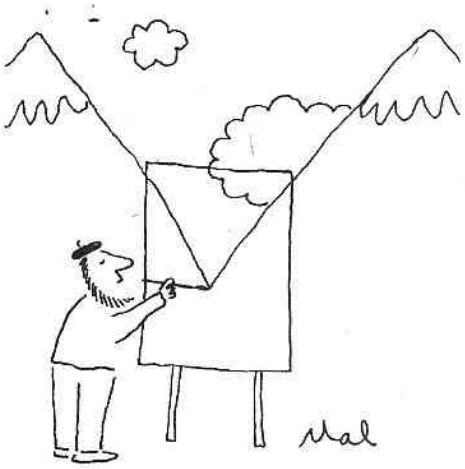
William Hotchkis
Banghor, Maine

Ed: What are you trying to tell us?

Can you tell me if my ideal mate exists? I want a man who sends hot flashes up and down my spine. I want a man who makes my whole body tingle. I want a man who gives my whole body a tug. Where can I find such a man?

DESPERATE

Ed: You don't want a man, you want a hot-water bag.



I was surprised to read that your editor, Joe Simon, created Captain America. If so, why are you guys so up-tight against him and Easy Rider?

Ed Jackowski
Buffalo, N.Y.

Ed: If Captain America is so good, why isn't he a Colonel by this time?

Who does Wanda Ulko think she is, calling us Canadians ignoramuses! We have faults but not as many as you—American teenagers (or should I say Teenyboppers). All you've got is injustice. All you do is stick a person in the funny farm and say he's crazy, like the Boston Strangler, for instance. You're just murderous fools in Vietnam. As far as I can see you are just inferior babies.

Ken Engdahl
Haney, British Columbia
Canada

Ed: Aside from that, you like us, right, Ken?

I guess mine is the age-old problem. What do you do with a guy on a date who's all hands?

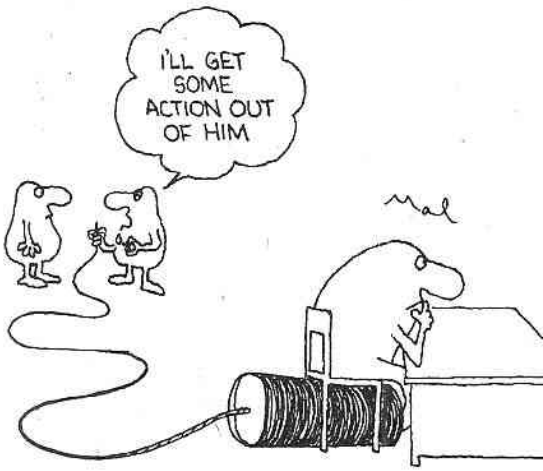
BUGGED

Ed: You wear a barbed-wire dress.

I just can't seem to attract the opposite sex. I can't understand why. I do everything possible to make myself alluring. I walk around wearing an extremely short mini-skirt, a tight sweater, and wear my hair all the way down my back. Enclosed is my photo. Can you tell me why I'm so unattractive to the opposite sex?

DISTURBED

Ed: Maybe it's your personality, young man.



RETAIL DISPLAY PROGRAM

Pyramid Publications is pleased to announce the adoption of a retail display program available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on those magazines participating in this plan. Under the plan, you will be permitted to select one or more, of the following magazine titles, if desired: Sick Magazine, New Ideas For Hairstyling, New Ideas For Teens, Man's Magazine.

To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to: Circulation Department, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

Under the retail display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you, subsequent to the date of the written acceptance of our display agreement when received and accepted by our national distributor, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation.

International

A VISIT TO THE U.N.

Art by Al Kaufman

Script by William Garvin

Stand guard at the door while I make this telephone call.

But you're only sending out for lunch!

Yes, but I'm ordering bagels and lox from Hymie's Delly!

I see that the delegate from Pakistan has finally settled his differences with the delegate from India.

We want to apply for UN membership. We're well organized, have our own government and laws, many obedient, disciplined subjects, and a strong army.

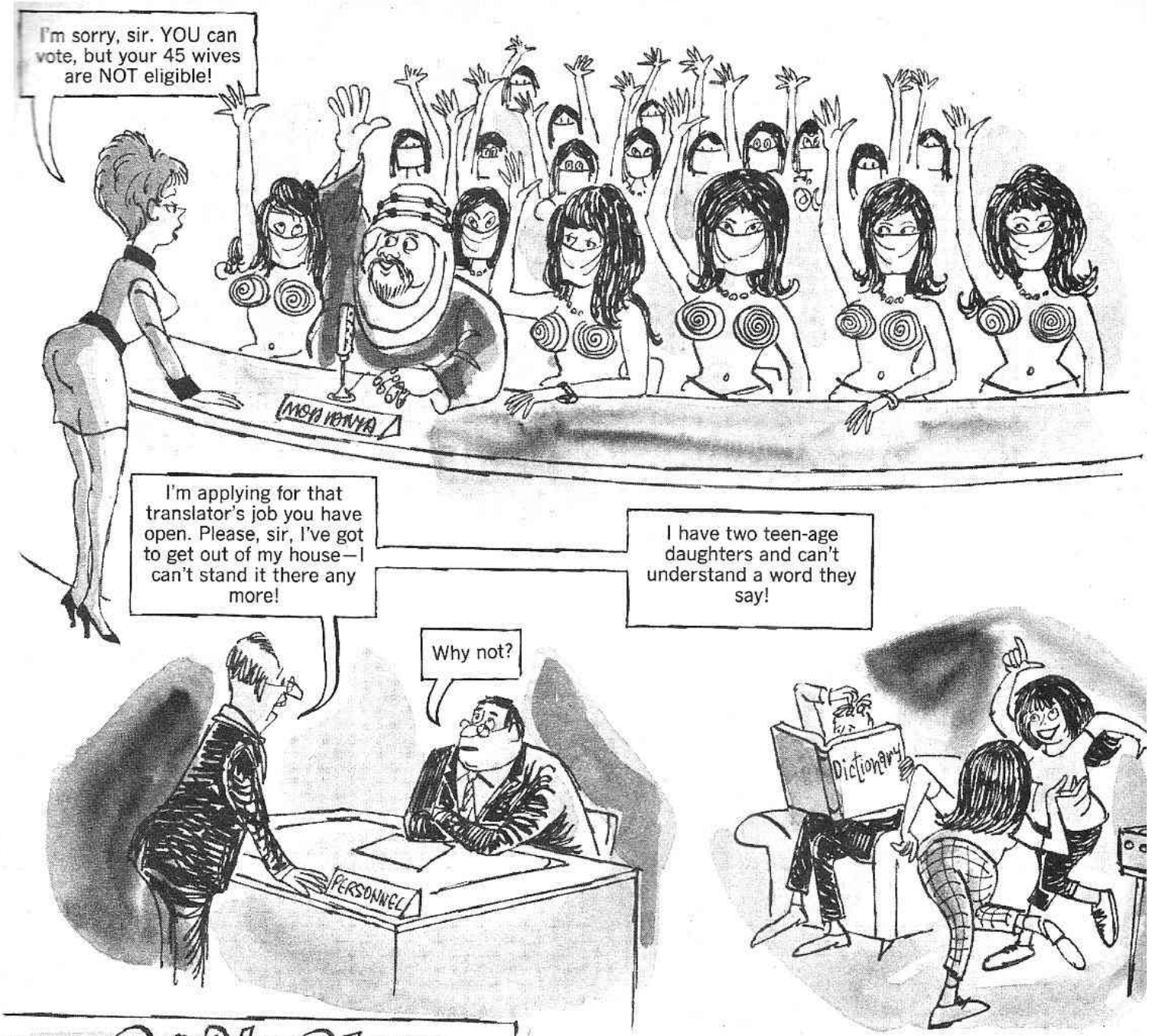
Oh, it's not a country, exactly. We're from the Mafia.

Very well, we will consider your application carefully. But would you mind telling me the name of your country?

I want Red China in here. I INSIST on having Red China!

Is he a pro-Mao delegate?

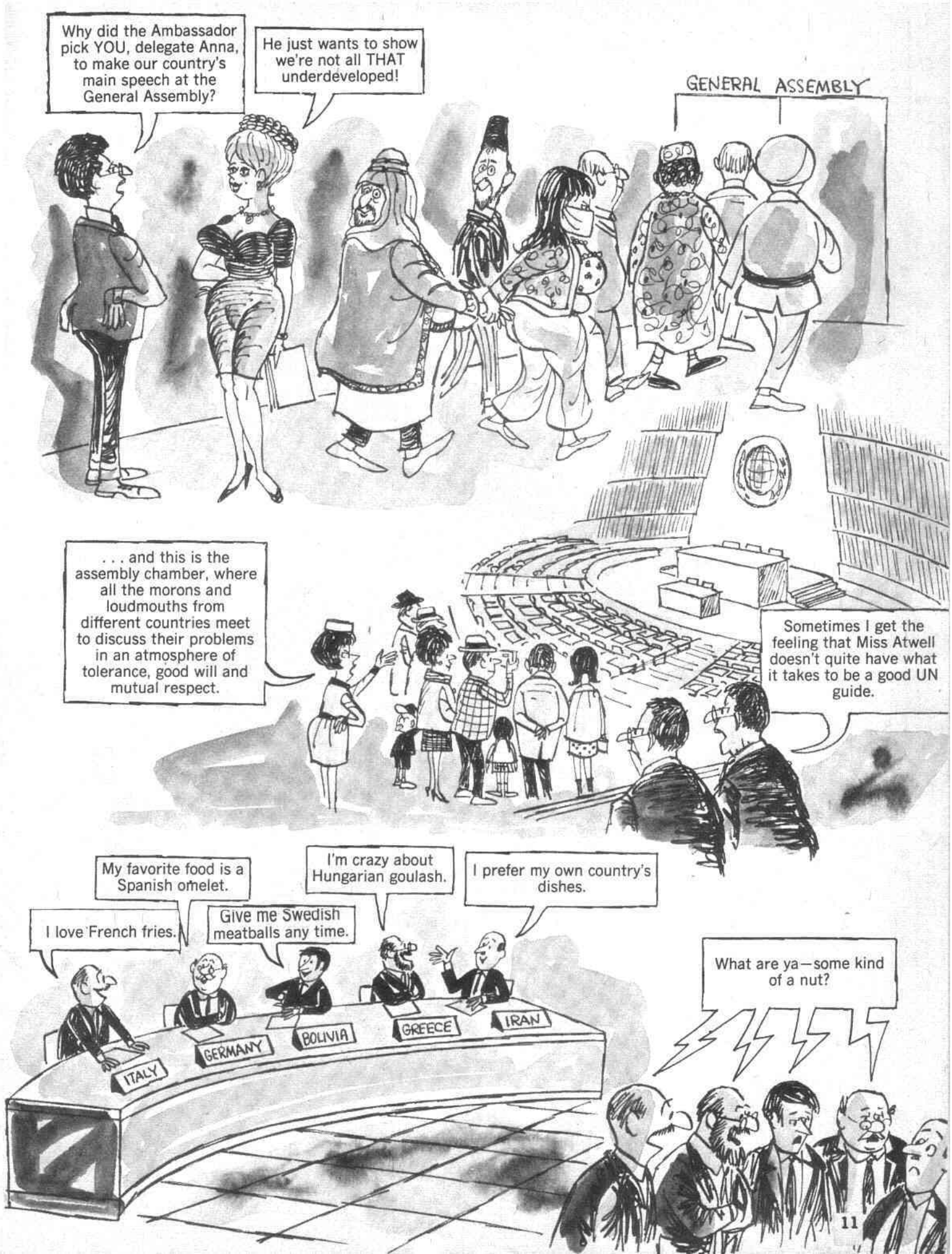
No, the restaurant manager ordering crockery for the dining room.


I'm sorry, sir. YOU can vote, but your 45 wives are NOT eligible!
I'm applying for that translator's job you have open. Please, sir, I've got to get out of my house—I can't stand it there any more!
I have two teen-age daughters and can't understand a word they say!
Why not?
PERSONNEL
Dictionary

UN Gift Shop

How do you like the nerve of that customer . . . trying to pay me in Swiss francs!
Yeah, what does he think this is . . . the United Nations?

The next waiter who asks me if I want watermelon for dessert is gonna get a rap in the puss!
I finally stole it, Ratsovic —an important, top-secret U.S. government code book!
Well done, Potzrebi. This book contains vital code numbers from all over the country. Where did you get it?
In a post office. Wonder what that word ZIP means . . .
STAMPS
AIRMAIL
He's talking with the man who has the toughest job in the whole UN building.
The Secretary-General?
No, the guy who washes all the windows!


Why did the Ambassador pick YOU, delegate Anna, to make our country's main speech at the General Assembly?
He just wants to show we're not all THAT underdeveloped!
GENERAL ASSEMBLY
. . . and this is the assembly chamber, where all the morons and loudmouths from different countries meet to discuss their problems in an atmosphere of tolerance, good will and mutual respect.
Sometimes I get the feeling that Miss Atwell doesn't quite have what it takes to be a good UN guide.
My favorite food is a Spanish omelet.
I'm crazy about Hungarian goulash.
I prefer my own country's dishes.
I love French fries.
Give me Swedish meatballs any time.
ITALY
GERMANY
BOLIVIA
GREECE
IRAN
What are ya—some kind of a nut?

We'll line up Burma, Peru, Bulgaria, Canada, Kenya, France and New Zealand on our side, then we'll be sure to win!
But the other side has Denmark, Ivory Coast, Thailand, Brazil, Israel, Australia, Mexico and Turkey. It's going to be awfully close!
What are they planning strategy for . . . a Security Council vote?
No, the quarter-finals of the UN bowling tournament!
. . . and in conclusion, let me state that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself, that I have nothing to offer you but blood, sweat and tears, and that this government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth!
Flikchikn is a superb orator, but not a very original one!
What do you creeps mean by demonstrating for peace here?
PEACE NOW!
MAKE LOVE
PEACE
END THE WAR
Al Kaufman

THEY SHOOT HORSEFLIES, DON'T THEY?

Script by Fred Wolfe

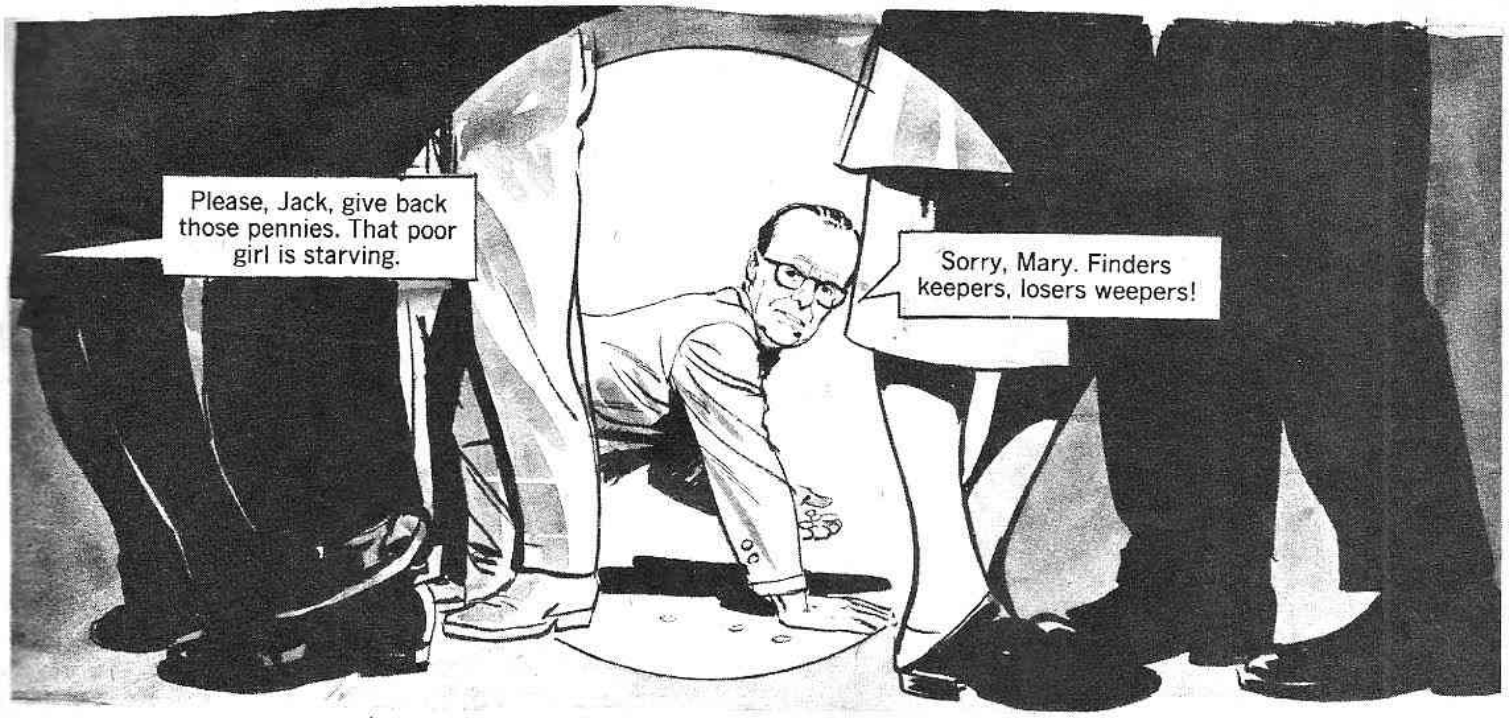
Art by Jack Sparling

This picture takes place in the midst of the Depression, when kids did almost anything for a buck—even work! It deals with the phenomenon known as Dance Marathons and stars Jane Fonda, who, we must admit, gives a magnificent performance. Almost as great as when she said: "I don't care if Maggie Smith did win the Oscar instead of me."

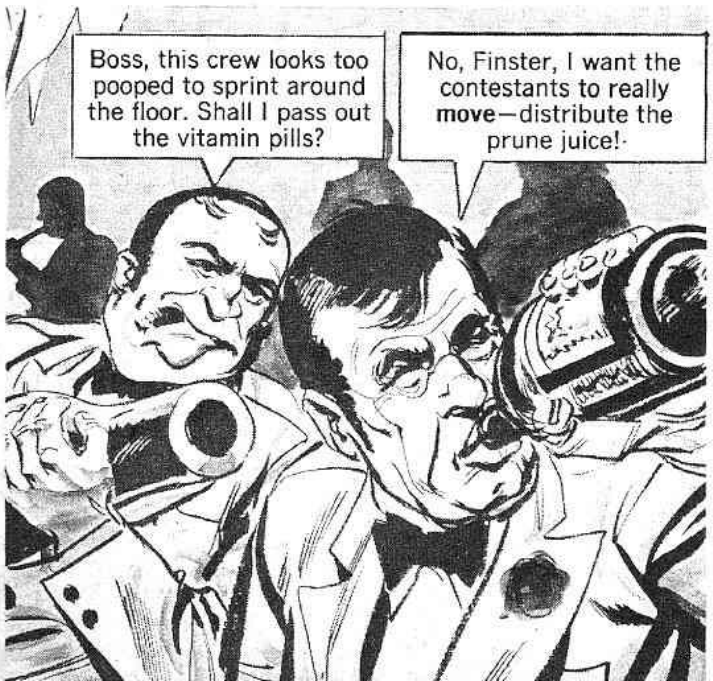
Gig Young, who won an award for best supporting role from the Hollywood Academy—and also from **Supphose**, portrays the master of ceremonies who prods these kids on to ever greater heights with his gift of gab, a winning personality, and a sharp spear!

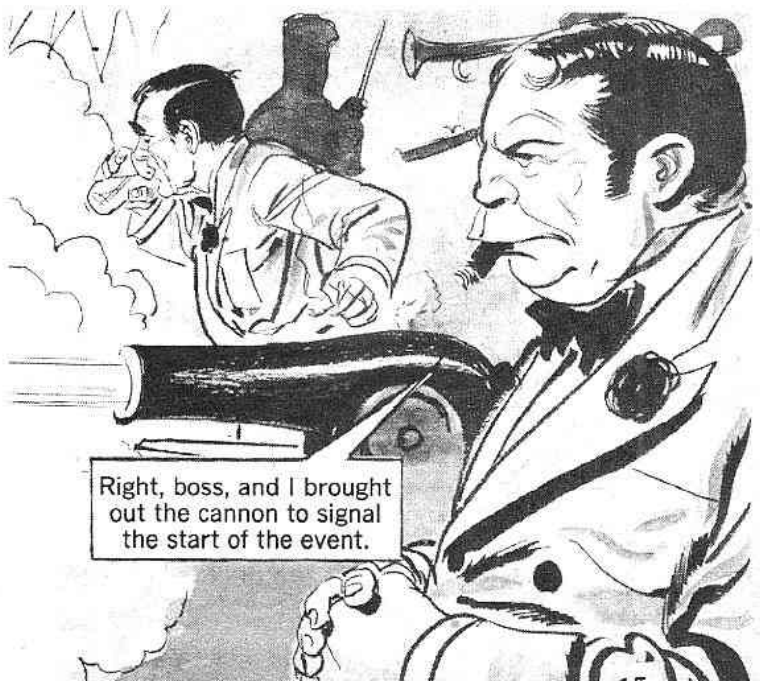
Welcome ladies and gents to the palatial Kamakaze Ballroom overlooking the blue Pacific—and overlooking the rent.
Tonight we're kicking off the 44th dance marathon in our never-ending quest to provide you with the type of class entertainment that hasn't been seen since Nero threw the Christians to the lions.
Say, Jane, why do you have to do all this nowhere jazz? I hear your brother made a bundle on **Easy Rider**.
I'm afraid it all went to **pot**.
Gee, I didn't know he smoked **that** much!
167

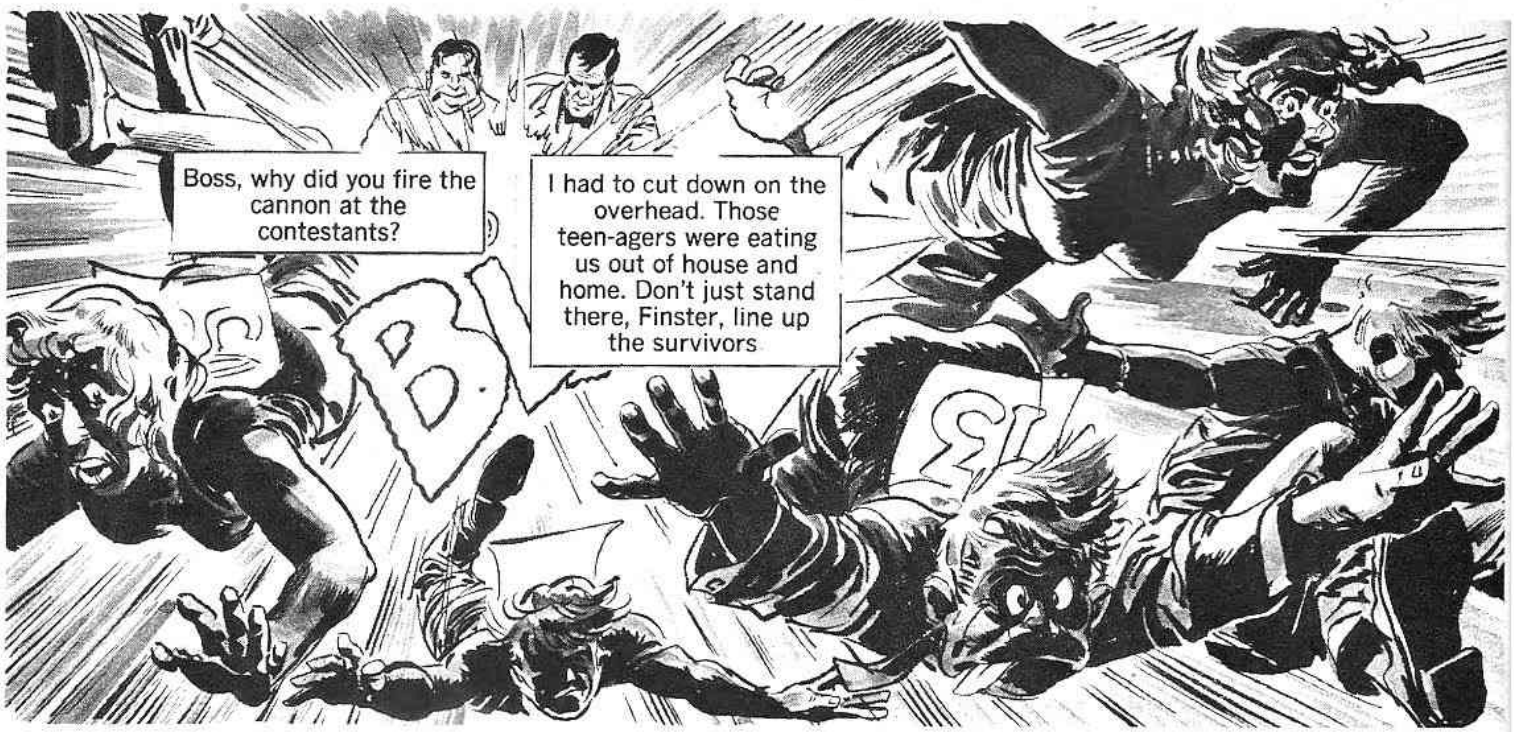
Never mind about me, cowboy. What ever made you enter this dum-dum dance marathon?
It's all because of my sad childhood. When I was a little boy, I got a trauma when they destroyed my favorite horse whose leg got broken.
What was he, a Paint or a Palomino?
Neither. He was a wood-en hobby-horse, but I loved him all the same—almost as much as my rubber duck.
Attention, ladies and gentlemen. We have a celebrity in the audience tonight who's here to cheer these gallant kids on—Jack Benny, and his lovely wife, Mary Livingston.
And in their honor, one of our contestants, Miss Minnie Consumptive, will sing a little ditty. And if she pleases you, we'd appreciate it if you'd throw a few pennies, so she can buy an extra stale roll for dinner. Go to it, Minnie!
The moon belongs to everyone. The best things in life are free.
Oh, Oh, folks, there seems to be a little trouble on the dance floor. Someone is fighting little Minnie for her pennies.
14


Please, Jack, give back those pennies. That poor girl is starving.
Sorry, Mary. Finders keepers, losers weepers!

Don't pay any attention to Mr. Benny, folks. He's just sore cause his Herbert Hoover buttons aren't selling.
And now for the highlight of the evening. The feature that's dear to your hard little hearts—the derby, where the contestants sprint for ten solid minutes and either remain in the race or drop dead from exhaustion.
31


Boss, this crew looks too pooped to sprint around the floor. Shall I pass out the vitamin pills?
No, Finster, I want the contestants to really **move**—distribute the prune juice!


Right, boss, and I brought out the cannon to signal the start of the event.


Boss, why did you fire the cannon at the contestants?
I had to cut down on the overhead. Those teen-agers were eating us out of house and home. Don't just stand there, Finster, line up the survivors
BL
ZI

What a terrible look of pain on your face. Your feet must be killing you.
What feet? My jockey shorts are four sizes too small!
All right, you poor exhausted peons, you can all take a ten minute break in which time you can either eat your dinner standing up, go to sleep standing up, and if you have to go to the bathroom—oh, well, I guess we can make an exception. But remember, you've got to keep moving all the time.

Say, aren't you Red Buttons? What brings you down so low?
You see what happens when you lose a t.v. series. But I'll get back in the big time, you just wait and see.
67
60

Hey, M.C., I'd like to do a tap-dance number and maybe some big shot will catch my act.
All right, swabbie, you look like you'll probably conk out any minute, but these paying customers may get a big charge out of seeing you gasp for air.
If he did, he'd probably throw it back! But I'm only kidding, folks. Remember, we've got to treat these people with all the respect they deserve. Even this broken-down over the hill bum of a sailor.
Gee, that Red Buttons has a big heart.
How can you tell?
I just saw it pop out of his chest!
Oh, well, one night we had a kid born here, and tonight we have another **first.** Let's give the real gone sailor a great big hand and maybe he'll hear it in that big marathon dance up in the sky.
I've danced with girls who were **drags** before, but this is ridiculous! How come that Susannah York broad looks so fresh? What's..keeping that English chick up—her stiff upper lip?
No, the starch in her panties! And if we had any starch in our backbones, we'd check with the M.C. and find out how **we** stand.
That's easy—**barely**!!

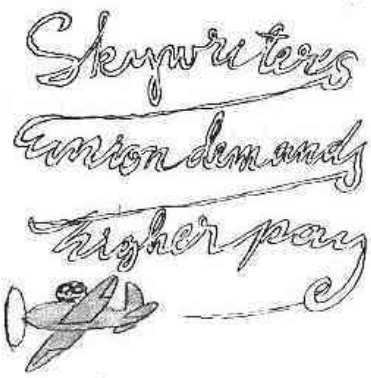
How can I do you two in? I mean how can I help you two kids out?
Easy—get rid of the other contestants!
Look, I like you two kids, so I'm going to give you an opportunity to pick up a couple of hundred bucks, and all you have to do is get married on our stage.
Forget it! Who do you think we are—Tiny Tim and Miss Vicki? Besides, we might just win.
I hate to disappoint you kids, but in that unlikely event, you'd come out with nothing.
Nothing? But isn't the grand prize fifteen hundred dollars?
True, but that's before expenses.
Expenses—like what?

First off, there's a small fee of one hundred dollars for a month's food and lodging.
That sounds reasonable, but what about the other fourteen hundred dollars?
Oh, we're charging you that for Kleenex.
Fourteen hundred dollars for Kleenex?!!
Yes, I figured that once you got the bad news on this con job, you'd like to cry a lot.
That settles it. I'm through! Finished! Look, cowboy, you've been a klutz through this whole crummy dance marathon—slowing me down, stepping on my toes, tearing my gowns and generally messing up my chances to win.
Now that all hope is gone, I'm asking you to do just one **little** thing. Here, take this gun and let me have it right between the eyes.
O.K. If that's the way you want it.
What a lousy sense of direction! Can't you do anything right?
67

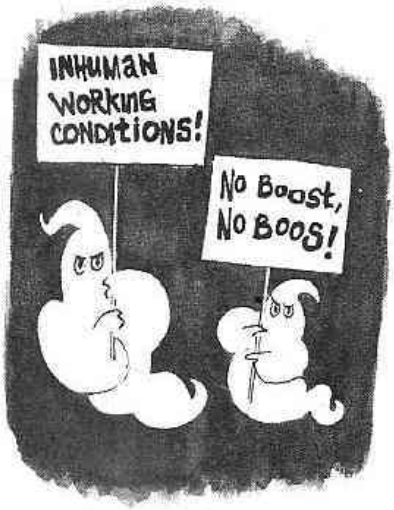
Strikes are **IN**. Work is **OUT**

If the present trend continues, by 1980 almost the entire nation will be on strike. Only one business will still be in operation: The Picket Sign Industry.

NEW IDEAS FOR



SKYWRITERS



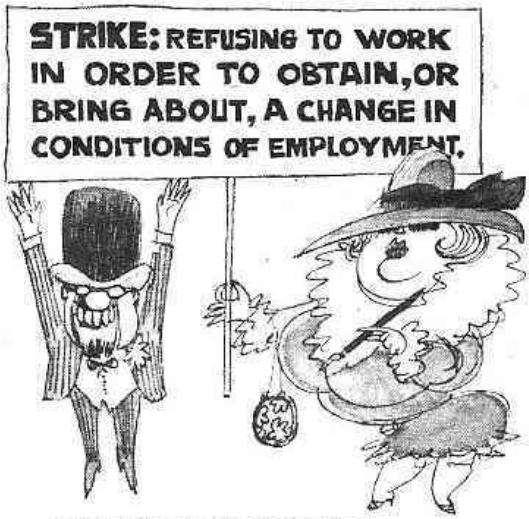
GHOSTS

LAWYERS

WEATHER FORCASTERS

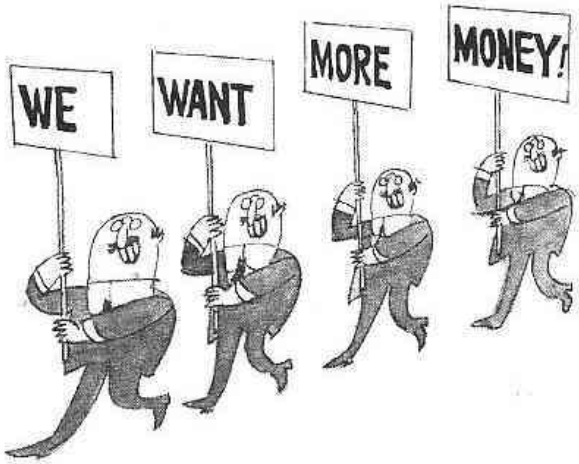
DOCTORS

POLICE



DICTIONARY WRITERS

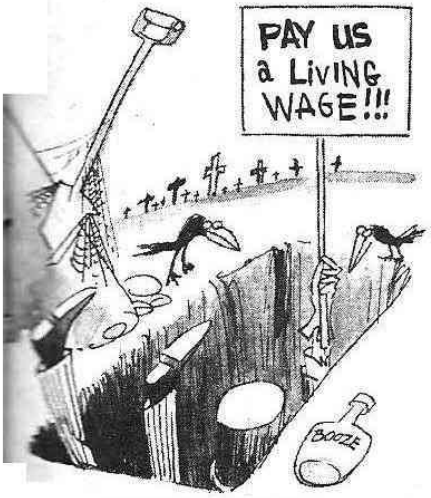
BEE-KEEPERS



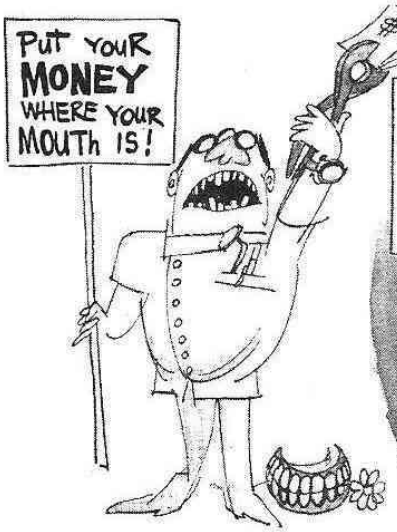
EFFICIENCY EXPERTS

ELECTRICIANS

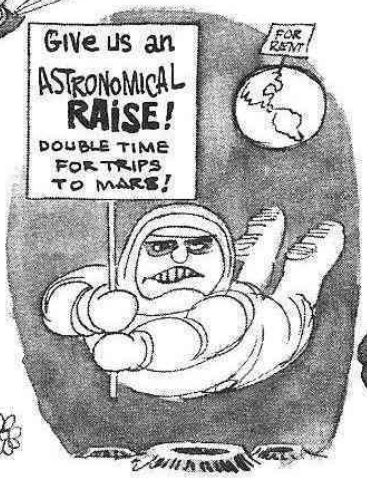
PICKET SIGNS



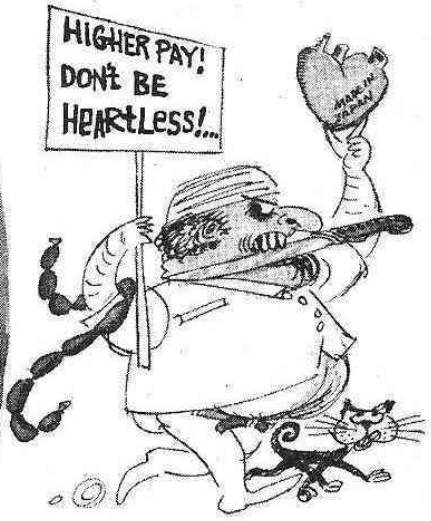
UNDERTAKERS



DENTISTS

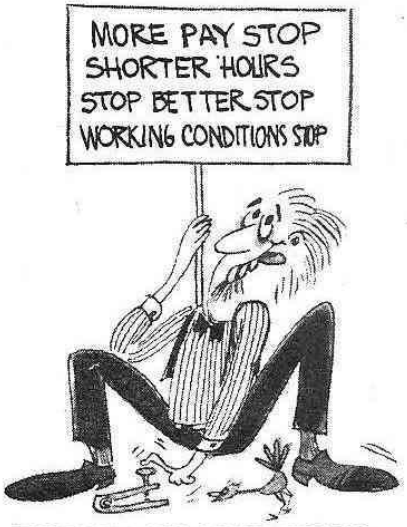


ASTRONAUTS



TRANSPLANT SURGEONS

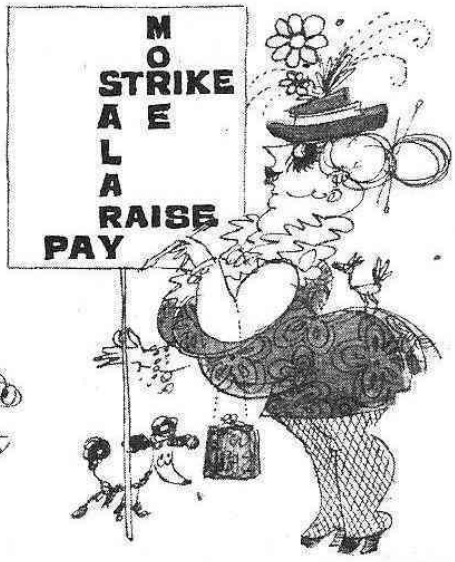
PLASTIC SURGEONS



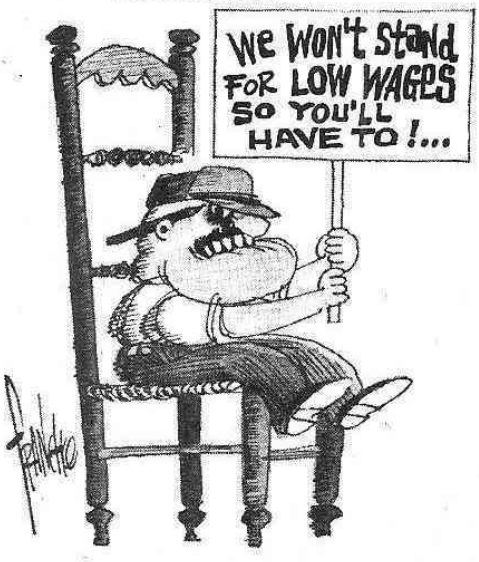
TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

BOTANISTS

DEEP SEA DIVERS



CROSSWORD PUZZLE MAKERS

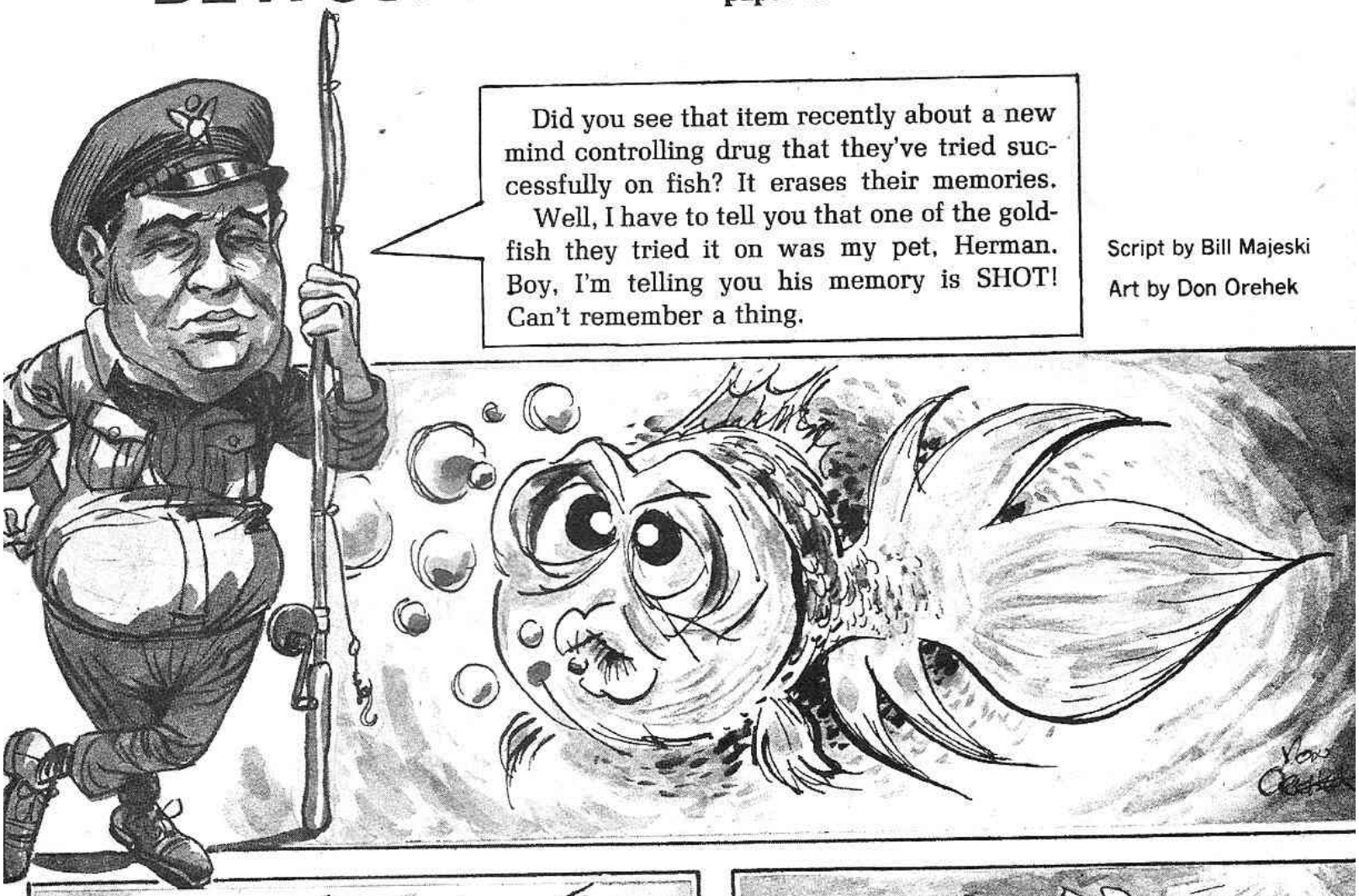


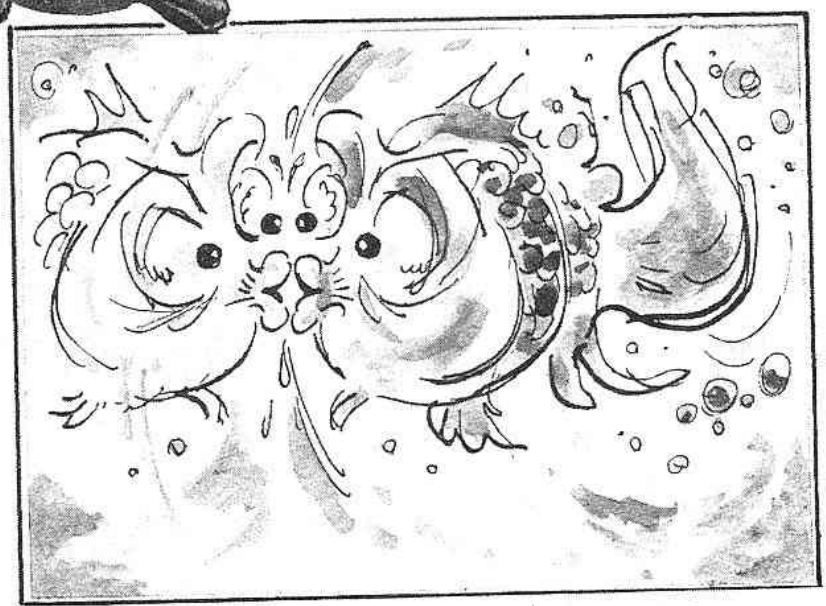
CHAIR MAKERS

SO YOU WANT TO BE A COMEDIAN

Any of you would-be comics out there operate along the lines of Jackie Vernon or any of the other slow-moving, relaxed comics? If so, take a try with this monologue, based on a newspaper item.

Script by Bill Majeski
Art by Don Orehek


Did you see that item recently about a new mind controlling drug that they've tried successfully on fish? It erases their memories.
Well, I have to tell you that one of the goldfish they tried it on was my pet, Herman. Boy, I'm telling you his memory is SHOT! Can't remember a thing.



Now you may ask what has a goldfish got to remember. And I ask you in turn have you ever peeked into those bowls when they didn't know it? Woweeee!

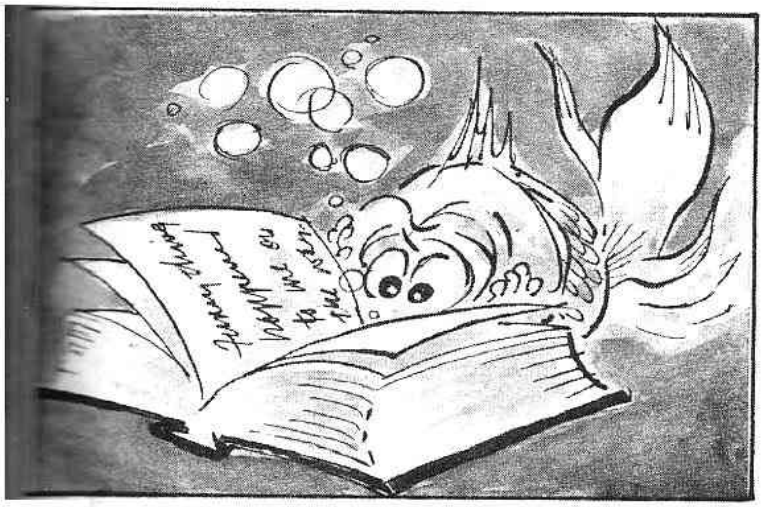
But getting back to Herman, I've tried everything to restore his memory. I leaned into his tank and shouted, "Hey, Herman, remember Marie the cute swimmer with the shapely fintails?" Nothing.

Or, "Hey, Herman, watch out, here comes Felix the Cat." He just sits there and looks up at me.

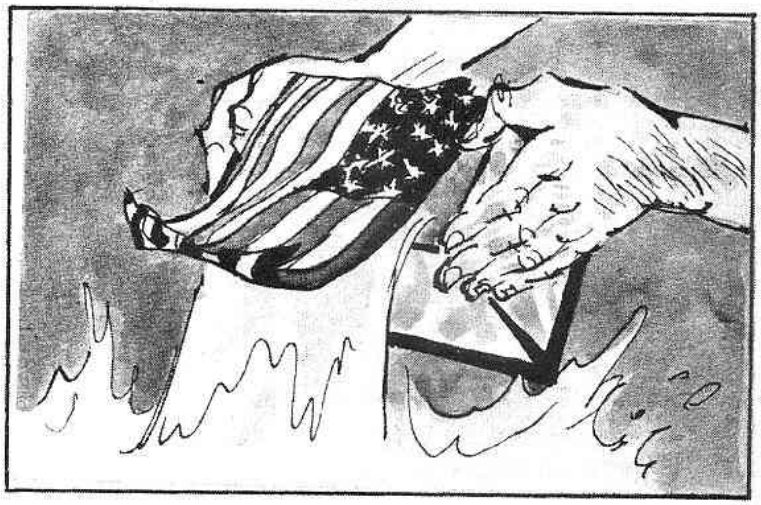
I even brought him to see his crippled mother—she has water on the knee—hoping that would bring his memory back. No luck.

I was going to do a frontal lobotomy on him with a salad fork, but no, he wouldn't hold still for that.

He's got a strong mind. Small . . . but strong. He's a determined fish who knows where he's going. Doesn't know where he's been, of course, but he's a battler.



Right now I have him reading his diary and going through his scrapbook. Something has to work.



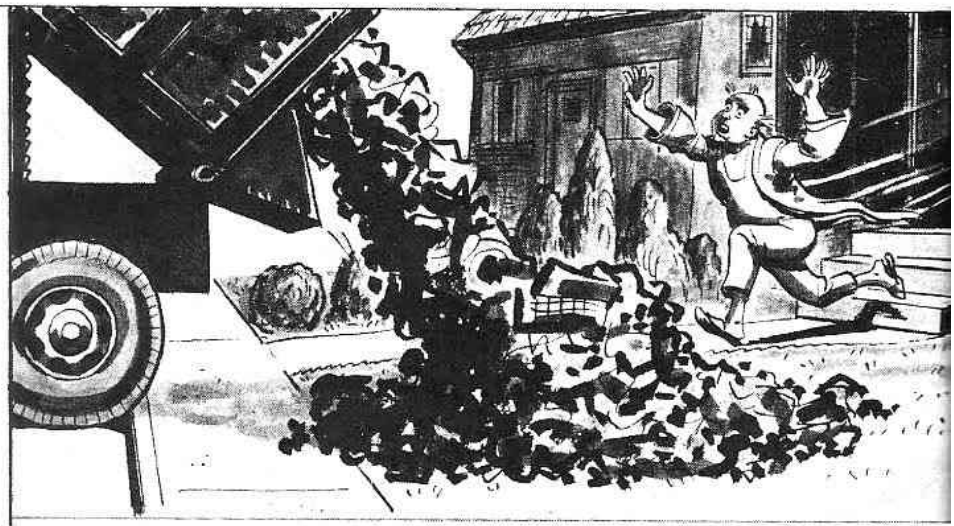
If it doesn't. Well, we'll probably have to pack him off to the Old Fish Home.

Either that or a burial at sea, with full military honors.

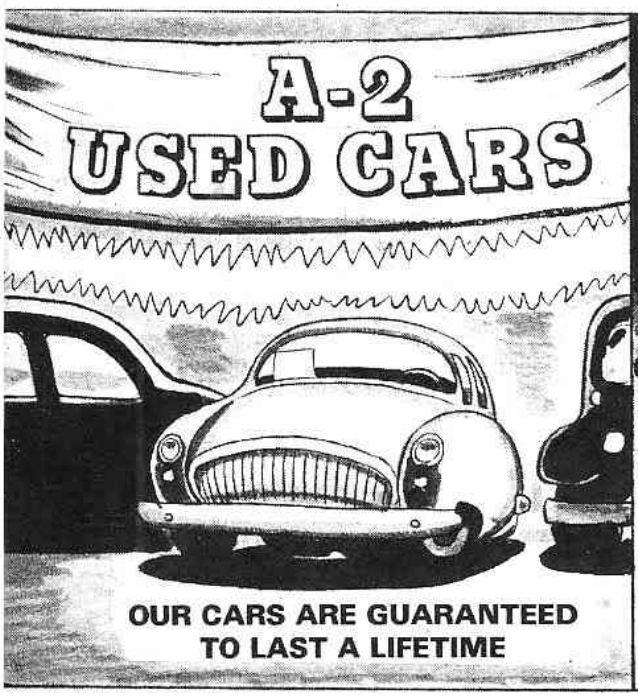
Art by Al Bare
Script by David Carter

TRUTH IN PACKAGING

Since the Federal Trade Commission has been cracking down on business lately, we may soon be seeing guarantees and truth labels that no longer fool the consumer. For example–

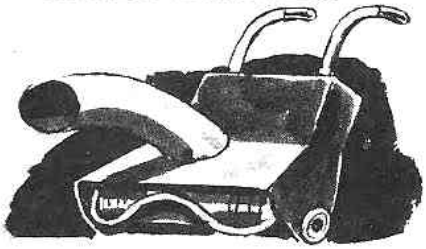


TRUTH LABEL:
If you are not satisfied with our service, we guarantee double your GARBAGE back.



TRUTH LABEL:
The life span is based on that of the island of Taubi, which is inhabited by man-eating cannibals where the average life span of a tourist is two weeks. That is just about the time it takes to cook the human body and make it tender.

SLIPPERY SNOWBLOWING MACHINES

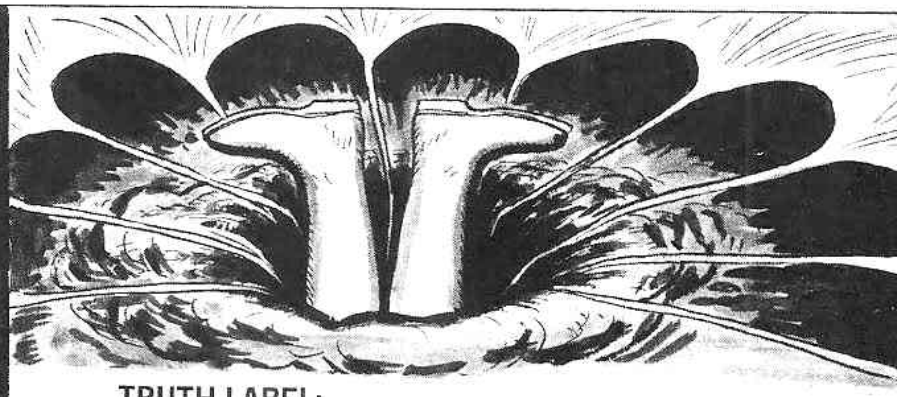


TEN YEAR GUARANTEE

TRUTH LABEL:
Guaranteed only in the States of California, Florida and Texas, or other parts of the world where it doesn't snow much.

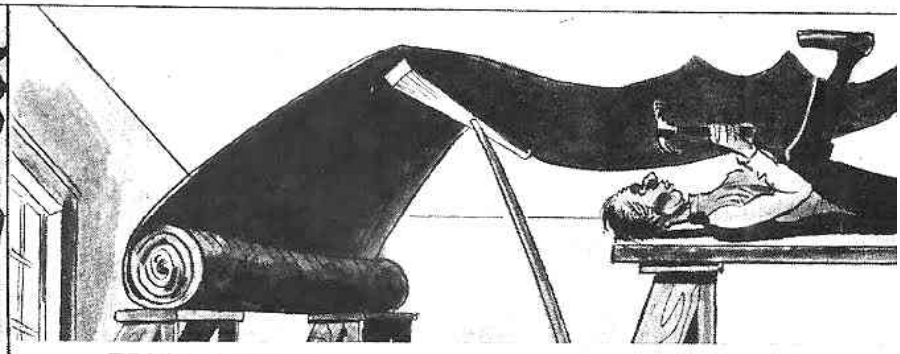
BLUEBIRD PARACHUTE CO.

GUARANTEED TO BRING YOU TO THE GROUND

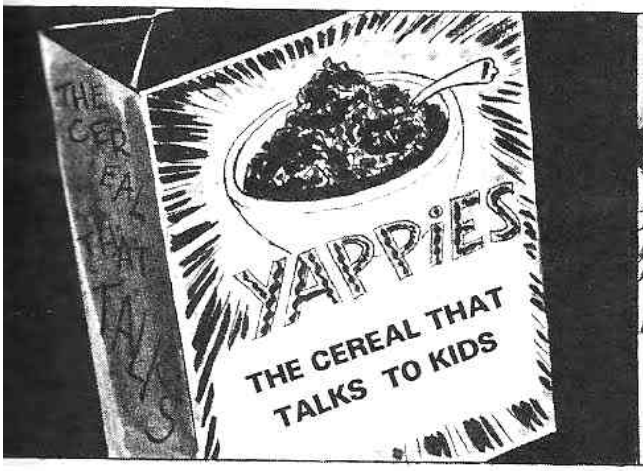


TRUTH LABEL:
One way or another.

NEVER WEARS OUT, GUARANTEED TO LAST FOREVER



TRUTH LABEL:
If you follow our simple instructions and install your carpet on the ceiling.



TRUTH LABEL:
The cereal will talk back to them in the form of belches and stomach roars from the foul ingredients.

A SICK PARODY

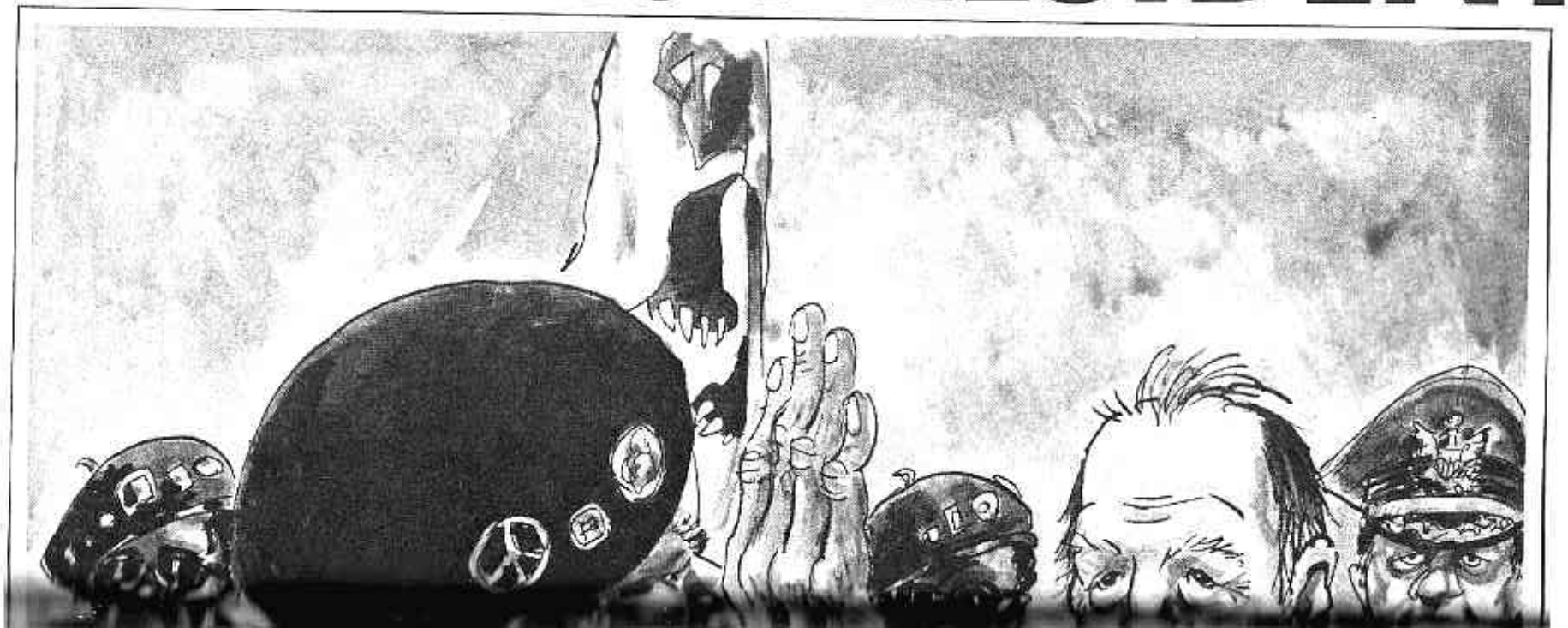
DILLY NEWS

1980 FUTURE EDITION

NEW YOK'S FICTION NEWSPAPER

VOL. 1980 NO. 1 New Yok City, Funday, August 31, 1980 WEATHER: Still muggy in Central Park

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER BECOMES PRESIDENT



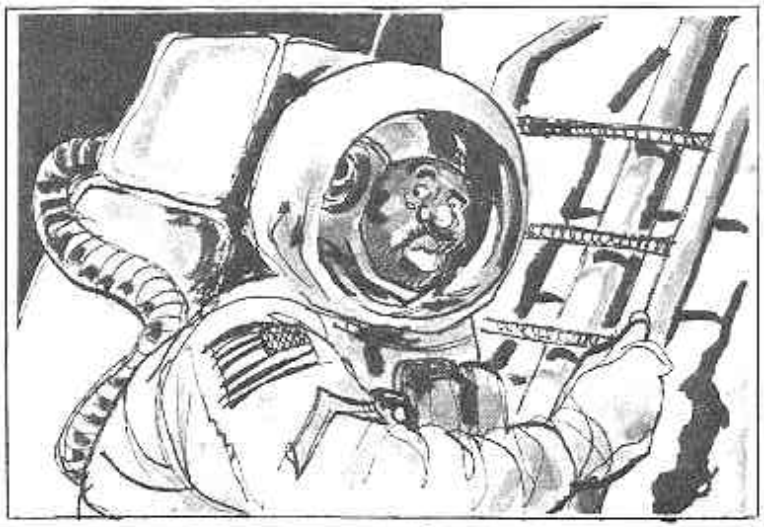
Eldridge Cleaver is shown here being sworn in as President by former President Agnew, as dignitaries look on. President Cleaver's first official act will be to send Mr. Agnew on a fact-finding mission to the planet Jupiter.

NEWS photo by Brownie Camera

Poland Has The Bomb

Story on back page

First Negro Astronaut Lands On The Moon



Nicodemus J. White, America's first Negro Astronaut, has successfully landed on the Moon. He arrived there at 12:01, ESP time. Private White was promptly met by the other Astronauts and their wives, already up there to pioneer the territory. According to Telstar, the first words to greet his arrival were, "Oh-oh, there goes the neighborhood!"

Pope Paul Again Refuses Demands of Liberals

In a speech from the Vatican, Pope Paul XIV, spoke out against the so-called "new morality" of the Church and said that these liberal policies would eventually destroy it. With him as he spoke was his wife, Denise.

Ralph Nader Has Accident

America's number one safety advocate, Ralph Nader, met with an unfortunate accident today. Mr. Nader, who's been fighting for more safety controls on baby carriages, go-carts and iron lungs, slipped in the bathtub of his home. It seems that somebody put a banana peel there.

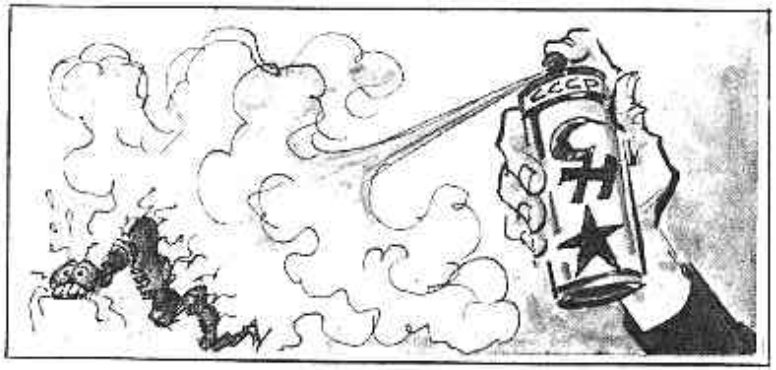
Liz Taylor Divorcing Sidney Poitier

Aging actress Liz Taylor announced today that she was divorcing the veteran actor Sidney Poitier, her husband for over 3 weeks. She plans to marry Sessua Hayakawa, noted Japanese actor. Her previous marriage to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, was annulled.

First Successful Brain Transplant Performed

The world's first brain transplant was performed today at the Mayo Clinic as the brain of a healthy young sailor was placed into the body of a shapely Hollywood starlet. The operation was a huge success but the patient died from complications. It seems she broke her back trying to jump on top of herself.

Russia Develops New Weapon in Germ Warfare



Russia announced to the world today that it has successfully produced a new bomb in its Germ Warfare Program, that is the most powerful of its kind ever made. A report has it that if this bomb were ever dropped, it would destroy every germ in the entire world.

LIRR Train From Babylon Arrives On Time

Surprising everyone in the entire State including the new Governor, Nelson Rockefeller, a morning rush-hour train out of Babylon, Long Island, arrived at Penn Station on time yesterday, thus setting a new record.

The train was scheduled to reach its destination precisely at 8:23 A.M., September 30, 1980, and did just that. It should be noted however, that it started out at 7:09 A.M. on September 30, 1970.

Puerto Rico Overrun By New Yorkers

Citizens' groups on the island of Puerto Rico complained today that it is being overrun by New Yorkers who have moved there and are now crowding their streets and turning their once fine homes into slum areas. This charge is being investigated by the Mayor of Puerto Rico, Adam Clayton Powell.

Archaeologists Discover What Was Once California

Digging deep near the ocean shore in Las Vegas, a group of archaeologists today uncovered what they believe to be the long-lost state of California, washed away into the Pacific Ocean many years ago.

They base this belief on several items they have found among them a Mayor Yorty button, a cement footprint in what appears to be a Chinese setting, and a discarded reel of film with strange markings on it that appears to read: "I Am Curious Fellow"—or something like that.

Sick Magazine Now in 20th Year

America's number thirteen humor magazine, SICK, celebrated its 20th Birthday today in its suite of offices which used to be Madison Square Garden. During the festivities a minute of silence was held out of respect for two of its former competitors who succumbed during this time, TIME and WEIGHT WATCHERS.

Mayor Daley Bans Everyone Under 30 From Chicago

In an unprecedented move today, perennial Mayor Daley of Chicago banned everyone under 30 from entering his city. Those already in the city will be herded off into concentration camps until they reach 30.

In accordance with the new law, anyone caught lying about their age will be promptly arrested and beaten by the Chicago police and brought to Court where they will be sentenced by the honorable Judge Julius Hoffman, Jr.

Mayor Lindsay Reelected

In a landslide victory over his Democratic opponent, Mario Procaccino's son Leon, Mayor Lindsay was re-elected Mayor of New York City for an eighth term today.

His first task will be to end the garbage strike which has been paralyzing the city since 1971. After that he has pledged to settle the school strike from 1972, the transportation strike from 1975, the newspaper strike from 1978, and the secession of the City from the United States, since last Friday. "All in due time," said the Mayor, "but first a well-deserved month's vacation in Bermuda!"

CAPITOL SCOFF

Spiro Agnew, beloved Elder Statesman

Washington, Sept. 31—Former President Spiro T. Agnew, beloved wit, adviser to kings, and now the world's oldest and wisest statesman, was on the scene in Washington today, delivering another of his history-making speeches. He addressed a group of young people who had gathered around the nation's capitol and, right to their faces, called them a "band of effete snobs who undermine our defense." This column feels it was a little uncalled for, since he was addressing a convention of boy scouts at the time.

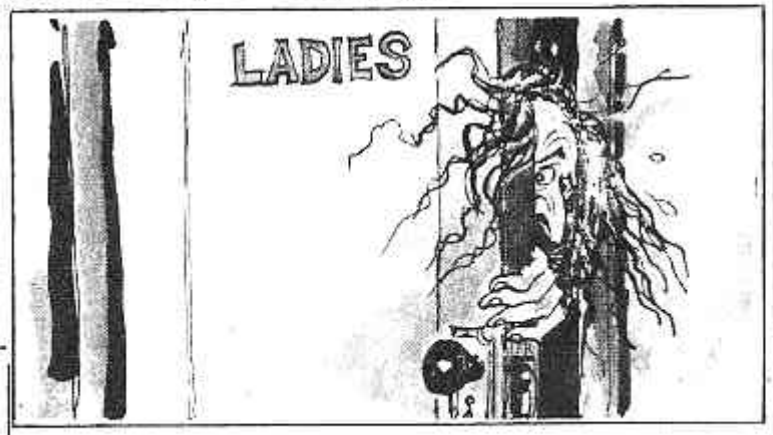
At any rate, Mr. Agnew was in town to continue his fight to make the "silent majority" speak up, and identify themselves—something he has not been able to do in all this time.

More On Richard Nixon's Decision To Quit

The real reason Richard Nixon decided to quit and not run for President in 1968 was finally brought to light today in an exclusive interview. Contrary to previous reports, the decision was not influenced by Pat Nixon. Nor was it his poor golf scores, a feeling that the people were against him, national unity or super-patriotism. What it was—and hold on to your hats—was his horoscope! Yes, he was told that he should not seek re-election by his astrology adviser, Hubert H. Humphrey.

Tiny Tim Divorced by Mrs. Vicki

A marriage they once said wouldn't last came to an end today as Tiny Tim, veteran teen-age idol, was divorced by his middle-aged wife, Mrs. Vicki. In her suit she charged that he never came out of the ladies' room.

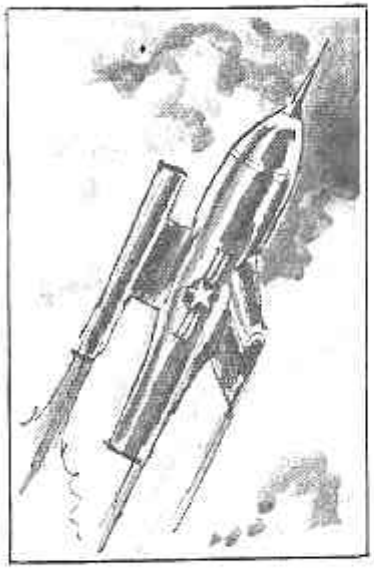


Buckingham Palace Declares Bankruptcy

After years of trying to make ends meet, Queen Elizabeth announced today that the Royal Family was bankrupt. She blamed it all on the high cost of living, the failure of Parliament to increase her allowance and the fact that Prince Philip still wouldn't go out and get a job.

The announcement was made from the Queen's present home in Harlem, where she has recently come to get on the Welfare rolls.

Anti-Anti-Anti Ballistic Missile Program Launched



Controversy continued to rage today over our new anti-anti-anti-ballistic missile, the AAABM. This weapon is designed to destroy enemy bombs sent to destroy our bombs that are bombing enemy bombs.

In the heat of this controversy however, the Administration stood fast to its contention that this device will be used to bring about peace in the world.

Supreme Court rules Constitution unconstitutional

In a landmark decision this week, the Supreme Court has ruled that the Constitution of the United States is unconstitutional. This epoch-making ruling was written by the newly-appointed Chief Justice, the honorable H. Rap Brown.

MISS AMERICA ARRIVES IN NEW YORK

Cissie Black, Miss Harlem of 1980, poses for photographers after arriving at Kennedy Airport from a world tour as the new Miss America. She beat out Mary Lou White, a caucasian from Iowa City, who lost the contest when Judges discovered she was trying to pass for black.

DILLY NEWS

NEW YOK'S FICTION NEWSPAPER

The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of our own, since nobody here has a genuine thought in his whole head! They're the opinions of our advertisers—without whom we'd starve. We know which side our bread is buttered on!

ROSEMARY'S BABY GROWS UP

In answer to many requests from curious readers we are printing here a picture of Rosemary's baby, ten years old today and a real cute kid, the little devil.

J. EDGAR HOOVER RETIRES

Well, it finally happened. After all these years, J. Edgar Hoover has retired. When news of his retirement reached this desk it was greeted with surprise. This was because the announcement was made in an unusual way. What he did was leave a note in his bank vault, just opened. As you all know, Mr. Hoover died many years ago.

WHY BARBIE AND KEN DOLLS MUST GET MARRIED!

The Inquisitive Fotographer

By Snoopy

THE NEWS will pay $10 for each question used. Today's award goes to Hubert Humphrey, a druggist in Minneapolis.

THE QUESTION

What was your favorite news story of the 1970s?

WHERE ASKED

In various alleys

THE ANSWERS

Orville Schmidlapp, Bronx, Chicken-Flicker—The time Spiro Agnew hit Richard Nixon in the mouth with a golf ball and became President for three months. And his other goof—the speech he made in which he said that in times like these "Nixon can't stand pat."

TODAY'S EDITORIAL CARTOON

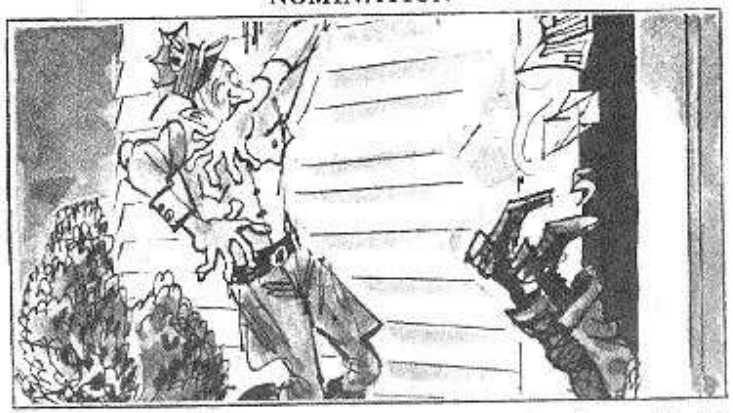
VOICES OF THE PEOPLE

To sell nude dolls of both sexes to children is enough of a corrupt influence on their minds. To compound the issue by selling them together without benefit of clergy is plain disgusting. This is why we feel strongly that Barbie and Ken dolls must get married. Especially after we've just learned that a new baby doll has been added to their kit.

SHOULD MARIJUANA BE LEGALIZED?

Controversy still rages over whether or not to make marijuana legal. After all these years the issue is still a hot one. We feel that it should be made legal. We don't see why this particular drug is such a sore spot between both factions in America. After all, we've already legalized heroin, cocaine and hashish. Why do we still shy away from legalizing marijuana?

HAROLD STASSEN WINS PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION



A lifetime of sheer perseverance and determination paid off today as Harold Stassen, loser in 29 unsuccessful bids for the Presidential nomination, finally made it when he was nominated for President by the Republican party last night in Miami. Our hat's off to a real fighter. Unfortunately, Mr. Stassen is unable to enjoy the new-found victory. He died this morning from the shock.

Oswald Gurney, Manhattan, Dropout—The news that Hayakawa made peace with the students at San Francisco State College, I mean that's really bridging the gap. You remember Hayakawa? He used to be President of the school. Now he's their Japanese gardener.

Percy Finster, Queens, Itinerant Tulip-Picker—The big news event was Sidney Poitier playing the title role in the George Wallace Story. Man, that's real integration.

Grover Klodd, Out-Of-Town, Chicken Delight Man—I have 3 favorites. 1. When marijuana was found growing in Disneyland. 2. When Lawrence Welk's son was picked up on a morals charge. And 3. Lassie went to Denmark and came back as a cat.

(all names have been changed to get bigger laughs)

HUNG-UP JURY

Long Island: I'm glad those Chicago 7 hotshots were convicted! They got what they deserved. They made a mockery out of justice and had to be punished. Nobody should be allowed to ridicule our Courts and get away with it!

ROY COHN

NO HOGWASH

Brooklyn: This city has become a pig sty! A real pig pen, I tell you! It isn't fit for a pig to live in! So there!

PORKY

IT'S ALIEN TO ME

Manhattan: I'm tired of these foreigners moving into our city and taking over our housing and jobs! Why don't they go back where they came from?

NRZUMA KOBRIOSKIN

NO FAN

Perth Amboy: I think today's mini skirts are real obscene. I mean look how short they are. It's positively pornographic, I tell you. It was bad enough in the 1970s when the gals wore them, but these guys doing it in 1980 make it hideous!

NAME WITHHELD

GO FIGHT CITY HALL

New York City: Ten years ago I said that Mayor Lindsay was a bum! And five years ago I said the same thing. Now today I'm saying it again: Mayor Lindsay is a bum!

MRS. LINDSAY

GAY BLADES

Flushing: Chivalry is really dead in New York. It used to be that men would open a cab door for me. Now they do nothing. I could walk down the street without a single man doing me a simple courtesy!

CHRISTINE JORGENSON

10-FOOT POLE

Jersey City: I don't think Polish jokes are very funny. It's about time they were stopped. I find them in very poor taste and quite offensive.

MIKLOS COZNOWSKI

REAL CRAZY

Mattewan: This town's gone crazy, man. Just plain insane. It's like an asylum. They should lock up all these clowns who think they're big shots!

NAPOLEON

LEGAL BEAGLE

Hollywood: Please take note that I'm suing you for stealing my comedy gimmick—the News editorial page! So how's your bird?

STEVE ALLEN

Please give your right name. We'll change it to make it funnier.

OBITUARY

GEORGE HAMILTON

Hollywood—George Hamilton, the distinguished actor, mysteriously succumbed today after attempting to date President Eldridge Cleaver's daughter. Funeral services will be held on the Paramount movie lot and made into a forthcoming motion picture.

ED SULLIVAN

New York City—Ed Sullivan, the old-time television emcee, was buried today after an unsuccessful attempt to put some life into him. An autopsy performed revealed that Mr. Sullivan had been dead for the past 18 years.

PAUL McCARTNEY

London—Paul McCartney, one-time singer for a group called the Beatles, committed suicide today in answer to many requests from his fans. It seems they really believed the story that he died many years ago, and Paul just didn't want to disappoint them.

PAUL LAIKIN

Central Park—Paul Laikin, writer of articles for SICK Magazine, among them the Dilly News, died today from malnutrition, while waiting to be paid for the aforementioned article. He leaves a 14-drawer gag file, an electric typewriter, and a wax-doll-effigy of the SICK Publisher.

FAMILIAR DOCTOR

Cigarette Smoking Found To Cause Irregularity

by DR. X. LAX

After many years of research in the field, doctors are now firmly convinced that cigarette smoking does not cause cancer or heart disease, as previously believed, but does cause irregularity. Yes, this old-fashioned discomfort in which the victim doesn't know whether he's coming or going, has definitely been linked to nicotine.

Furthermore, it has been demonstrated that what does cause cancer and heart disease is dieting, exercise and fresh air.

MORE QUESTIONS

Miss RX writes: What do you think of shrinking hemorrhoids?

REPLY

I don't know, I've never shrunken any.

LONGEVITY

Mr. T.S. inquires: What is the secret of long life?

REPLY

I know but I'm not gonna tell.

BEAUTY MARKS

Mrs. N.G. writes: My doctor said I have the ugliest body he ever saw. What should I do?

REPLY

See another doctor, get another opinion.

Dr. X. Lax will answer any legitimate question by mail. If you have an illegitimate question, he will answer it in person. Write to him c/o this newspaper. Enclose your name, address, bank balance and next of kin.

Little Old NEW YOK

By ED SULLIVIVAN

A REALLY BIG SHEW . . .

Visitors from Europe report that in Poland they're now doing American jokes . . . Barbra Streisand set for the lead in Funny Old Lady . . . Dustin Hoffman signed for the remake of The Graduate. This time out he'll play his father, while a newcomer takes over his role . . . Aside to Raquel Welch: The bigger they are the nicer they are!

• • •

Latest Broadway Offering: An all-nude version of "The Nun's Story" . . . Friends insist that Truman Capote's voice has changed. It's gotten higher. In fact, it's so high now that only dogs can hear him! . . . With the consistent success of Laugh-In and Hee-Haw, Israeli TV has just started a new comedy series called Hoo-Hah!

Jack Benny celebrating his 40th birthday . . . Hollywood just bought the Spiro Agnew Story. It plans to star Larry Parks in the title role, who'll mouth the famous speeches . . . The Rolling Stones finally gathering some moss . . . Dean Martin finally went on the wagon. The police wagon!

• • •

It Had To Happen Dept.: Raymond Burr just developed 39 callouses on his backside . . . Englebert Humperdinck finally changed his name back to what it was before—Regis Philbin . . . Mae West just had a baby at 93. Her comment for the press: "Next time I'll be more careful!"

• • •

A Fiend in Need

by SILLY JOY BRAIN

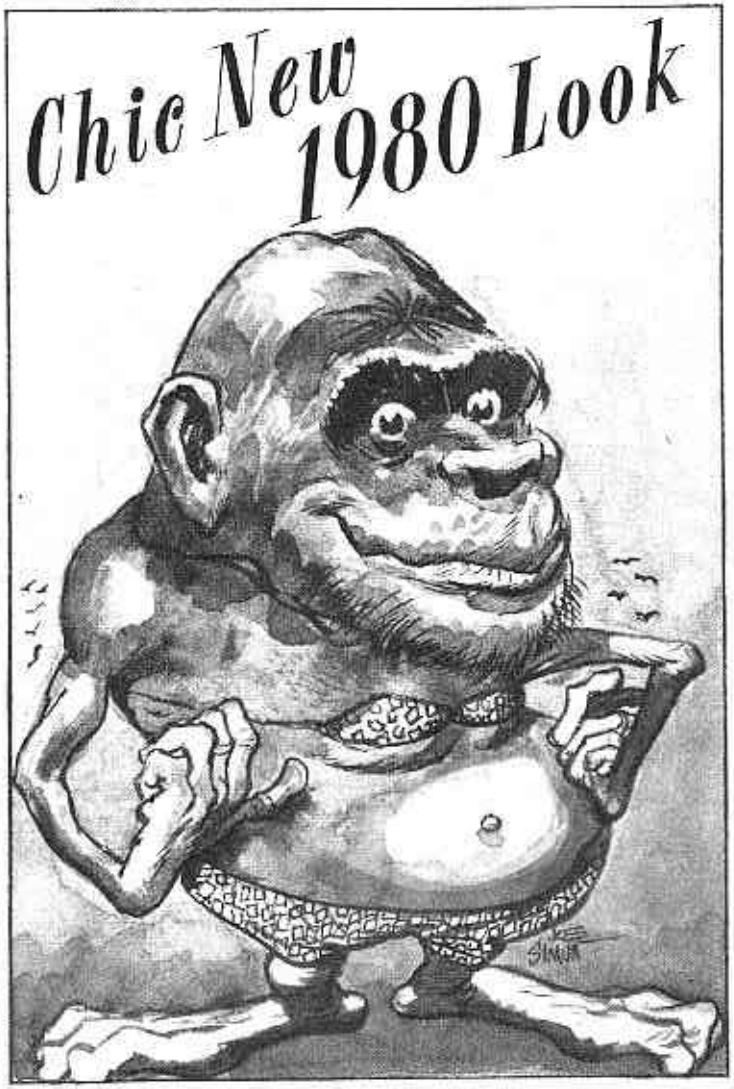
THIS MAN NEEDS HELP

Here's a letter from a man who could certainly use anything you can send him as he sounds like the man who has nothing. He writes: "I wouldn't write to you if I weren't so desperate. You see, I'm broke. Completely wiped out. Bankrupt. I haven't got a dime. A whole bunch of stupid investments has left me utterly penniless. I thought I'd make it up on a big spree in Las Vegas but that fizzled. To top it off, my wife divorced me. Now I go around in an old sweater and torn sneakers, the few times I even dare go around, that is. I'm so despondent and alone I'm afraid to show my face outside. Please—anything you send me will be deeply appreciated.

—HOWARD HUGHES

Send any and all offerings to this department c/o this newspaper. If not, let us know and we'll come down ourselves to pick it up. We're so desperate, we'll take anything—food, clothing, stolen goods, anything! Act today—before we commit suicide!

LOW FASHONS



by Neander Thal

LOW FASHION: This sleek new outfit is the latest thing in chic fashion. It's especially designed for the short, squat figure now in style, after years of the thin look. It comes in leopard skin, tiger fur or material made out of 3-toed sloth. Accessories include matching club. Hair on chest optional.

Mickey Rooney grew another inch. Around the middle . . . Neal Simon's new Broadway play is his 9,865th consecutive smash hit. It's a musical adaptation of the King James version of the Bible . . . Doris Day to play a topless waitress in her next film. But don't get excited, she's not going bare-chested. She just doesn't wear her wig!

• • •

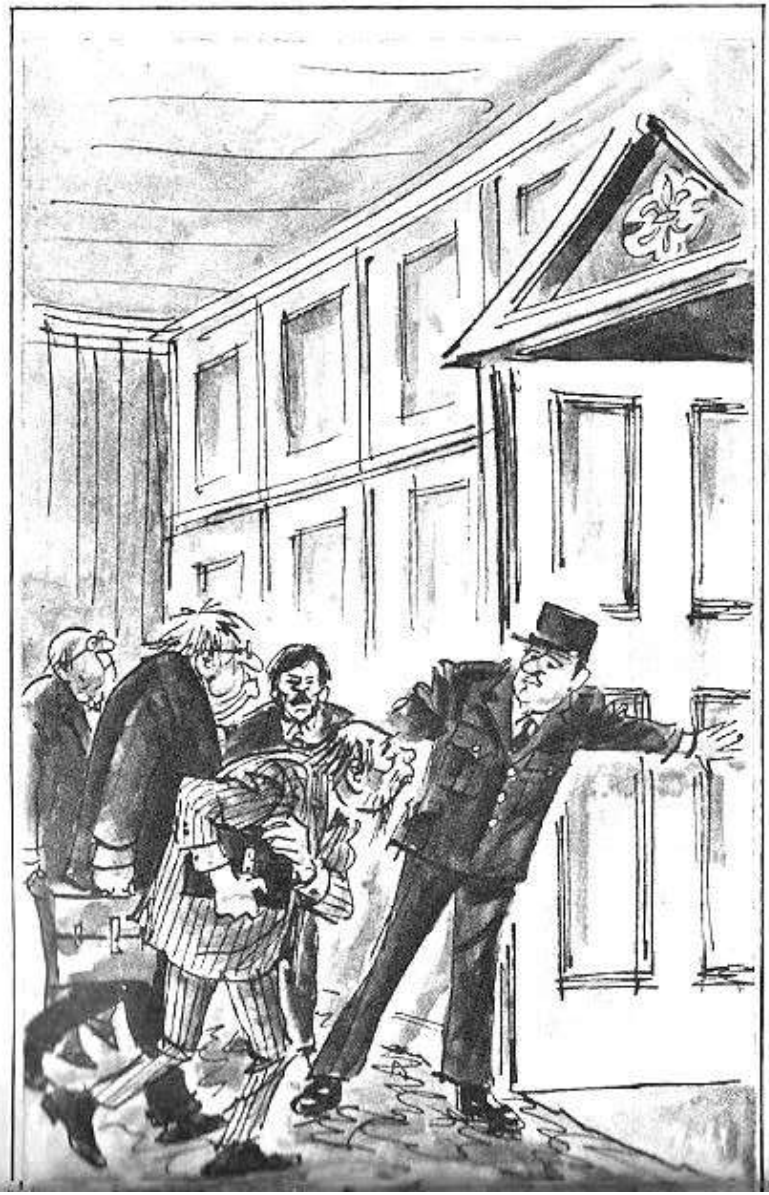
Howard Johnson opening a chain on the Moon . . . Annette Funnicello and Frankie Avalon set for their 9,823rd beach picture entitled "Beach Rock Hippie With Hair Doing His Own Thing" . . . Jackie Susann's latest book is another best-seller. It's a fictionalized story, but insiders say it's all about the hanky-pankying going on at the Vatican . . . Mama Cass, while operated on, was discovered to be really two people . . . so whatever happened to Batman?

WAR DECLARED Bombs Fall

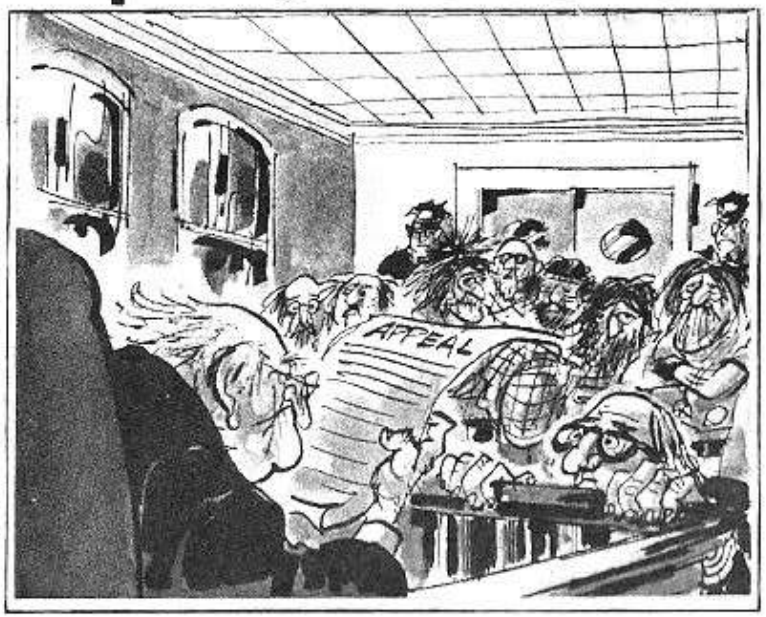
Russia today launched an all-out nuclear attack on the United States who promptly retaliated with its complete arsenal. More details tomorrow, if space permits.

Dilly News, Funday, August 31, 1980

PARIS PEACE TALKS PROGRESSING



Chicago 7 Appeal Still at Supreme Court



After many years of waiting for the nation's highest court to rule on their appeal, the Chicago 7 today demanded a speedy decision that would reverse their original conviction and get them out of jail, where they have been confined all these years pending this decision.

When asked to comment on the situation, the Court's new Chief Justice, Judge Julius Hoffman, declared, "decisions like these take time!"

Beatles Reunite for New Album

A high administration official disclosed today that the Paris Peace Talks were proceeding smoothly and rapidly, and that a complete settlement was in the works, to be announced shortly. This information came out in an exclusive interview with the official shortly after he had signed a new five-year lease on his Paris apartment.

Jackie Divorcing Onassis To Marry Howard Hughes

In a surprise announcement today, Jackie Onassis confirmed the rumors that she is divorcing her husband Aristotle. When asked why she is leaving him after all these years she replied, "Enough is enough already!"

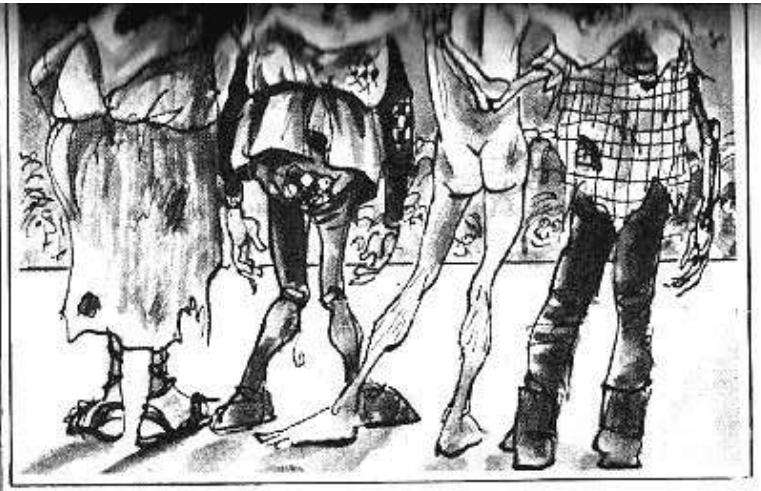
Furthermore, she revealed that she will marry Howard Hughes, the King of Las Vegas. Hughes is considered to be the richest man in the world. Mr. Onassis held this title many years ago, before his entire ship-building industry was wiped out when space travel became popular. Mr. Onassis had no comment about the divorce, when interviewed in his furnished room in Times Square.

879th March on Washington Scheduled For July

The next Moritorium-type March on the nation's capitol (Number 879) is being scheduled for Thursday, the 4th of July. As usual, the protesters will be made up of middle class white radicals, formerly the Silent Majority, who will demonstrate against what they consider unfair policies of the current black-youth-hippie Establishment.

For the first time in many years, the Beatles are getting together to record another album. They will be coming from all parts of the world where, for these many years, they have been leading their own individual lives.

George Harrison will be arriving from his private Monastery in India, where he is spiritual adviser to 800 million Moslems. Ringo Starr will fly in from Hollywood where he's been working as the screen's leading character actor, currently appearing as the Hunchback of Notre Dame without using makeup.



Paul McCartney will cut short his extended world-wide tour, where he has been going around trying to convince everybody he's not really dead. And John Lennon will leave Mount Rushmore, where he is presently sitting on top of George Washington's left nostril in a protest demonstration against the wars in Laos and Cambodia.

Their new album will be entitled "Lieutenant Pepper."

Poland Has The Bomb

Any doubt as to whether Poland has the bomb was settled yesterday as the Poles set off a tremendous 400-megaton H-Bomb. There was no immediate alarm by any other country however, because as of now there is no more Poland. Unfortunately, they set off this blast on the main street of Warsaw.

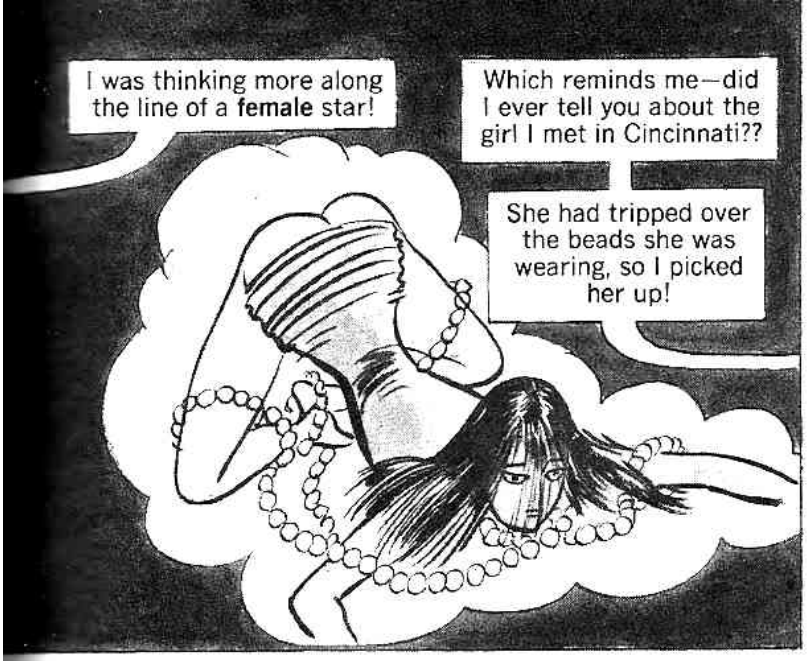
advertising

Your Future is in Pollution

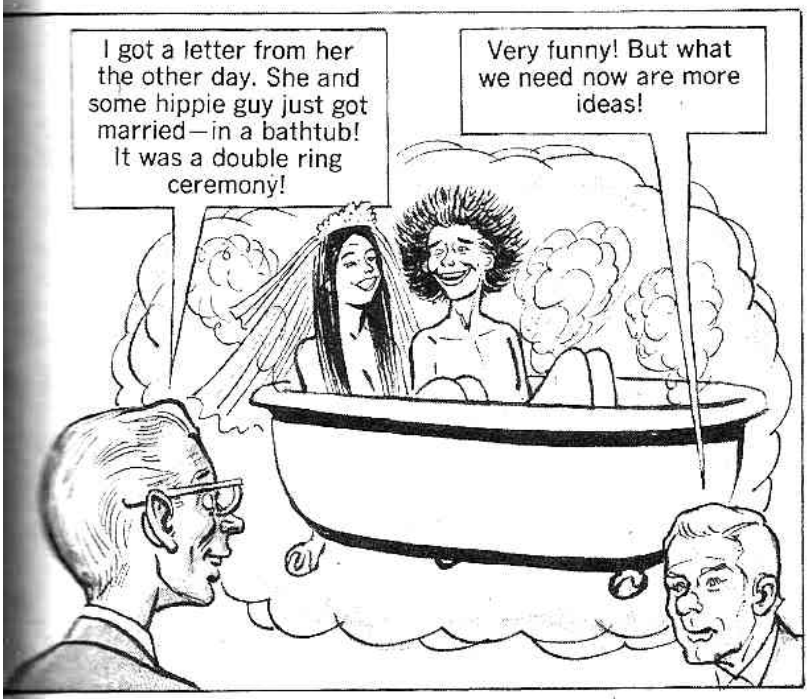
It has recently become obvious that pollution is the biggest menace this country has ever faced. Many big companies, mainly to create good public images, are now attempting to curb their contribution to this growing problem. But curbing pollution is an expensive process. Therefore, it is not too far-fetched to imagine that soon some company, instead of working on pollution control, will try to **sell** pollution to the public...

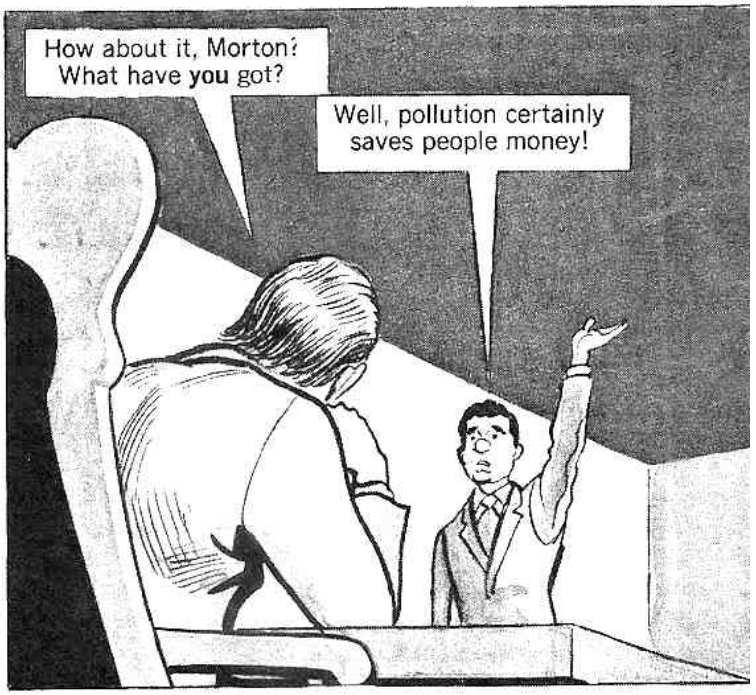
Art by Al Bare Script by Steve Skeates

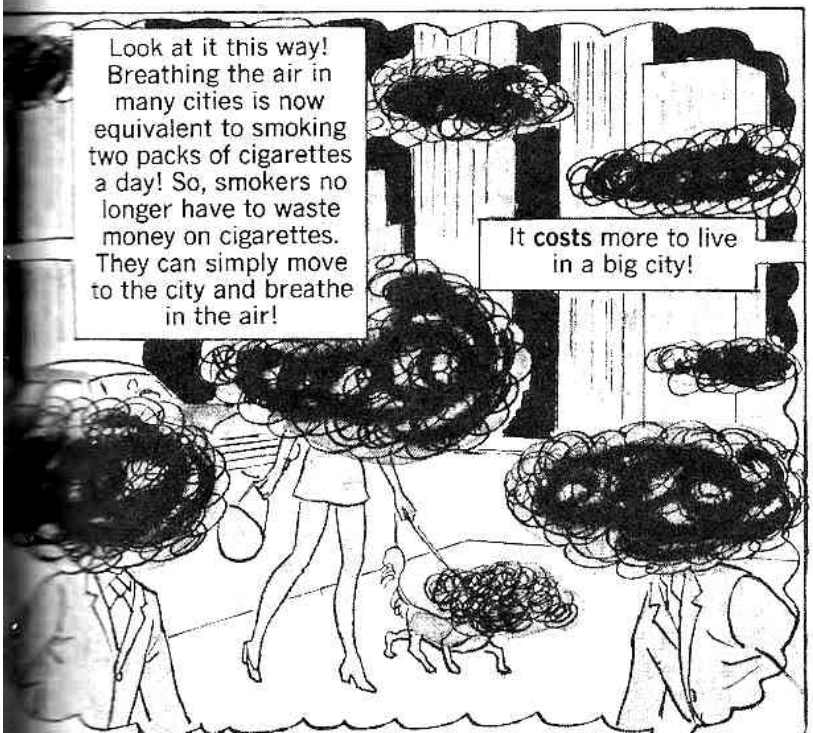
Scene: The Main Office of an Advertising Agency. Executive is talking to copywriters, Thorton, Morton and Horton...
As you boys know, we've just landed the **pollution** account! Our job is to make pollution look **attractive**—make it look **healthy** and **all-American!** Any ideas?
MOTHER
COUNTRY
APPLE PIE
CAVEAT EMPTOR
Why don't we play up the benefits of **water** pollution??
Benefits?!!
It saves time! In the past, people at the beach would first go in swimming, and then get out and put sun tan oil all over themselves!
Now they can swim **and** get oil over their bodies —all at once!
We could run a full-page ad—show some sexy movie star, in a bikini, stepping out of the ocean, all covered with oil! And the copy would say how good oil is for the skin!
But what movie star would pose for an ad like **that**??
How about John Wayne??

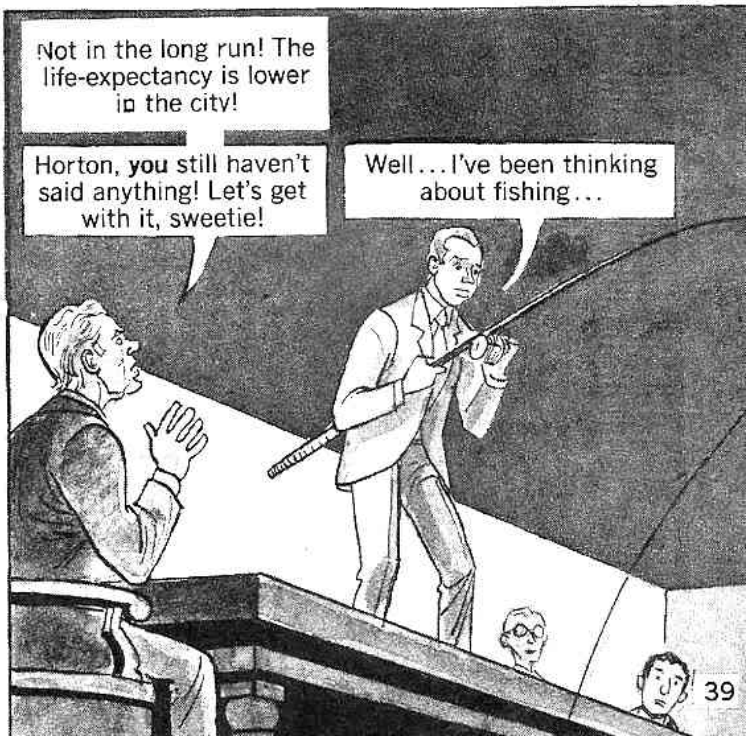

I was thinking more along the line of a **female** star!
Which reminds me—did I ever tell you about the girl I met in Cincinnati??
She had tripped over the beads she was wearing, so I picked her up!

Keep to the subject, Thorton! What has that got to do with pollution!
She had bad breath! And body odor, too!


I got a letter from her the other day. She and some hippie guy just got married—in a bathtub! It was a double ring ceremony!
Very funny! But what we need now are more ideas!

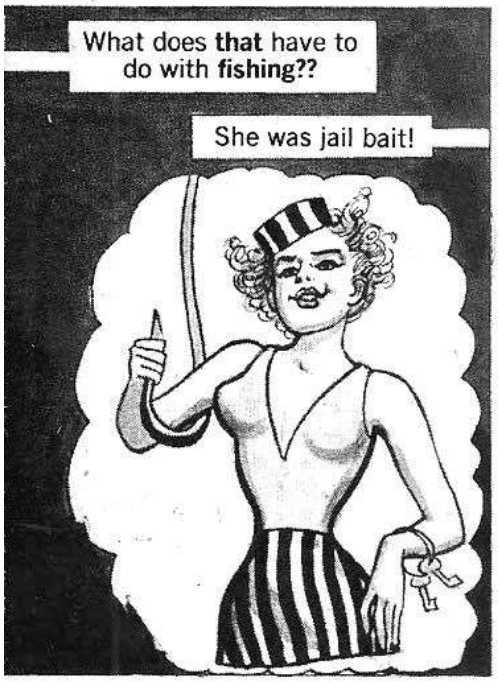

How about it, Morton? What have **you** got?
Well, pollution certainly saves people money!

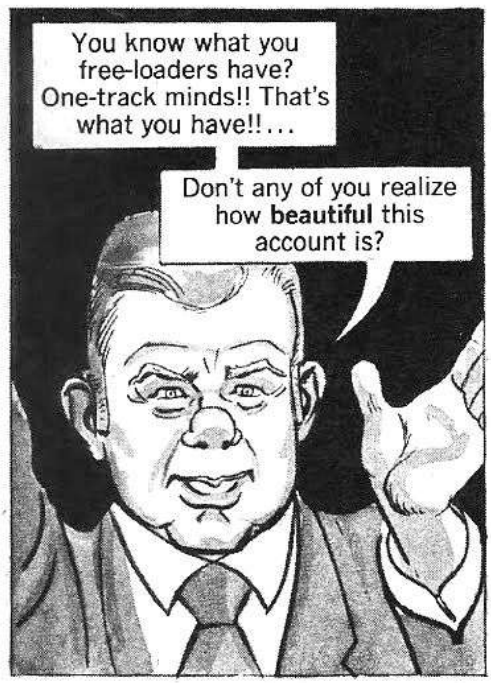

Look at it this way! Breathing the air in many cities is now equivalent to smoking two packs of cigarettes a day! So, smokers no longer have to waste money on cigarettes. They can simply move to the city and breathe in the air!
It **costs** more to live in a big city!

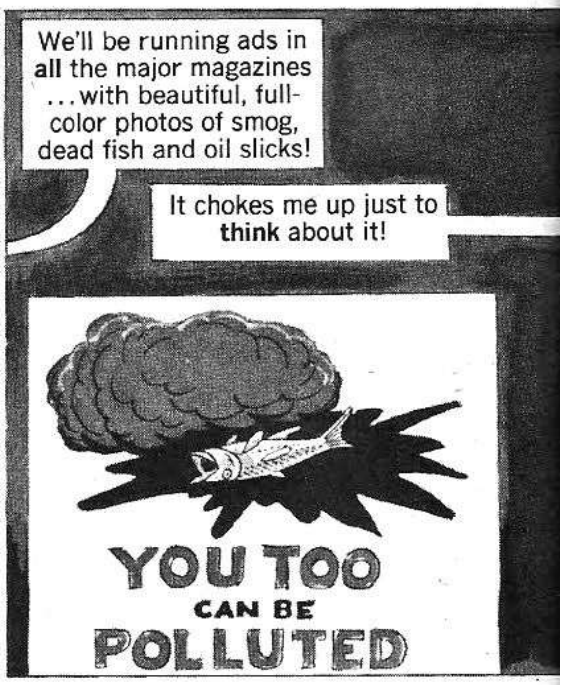

Not in the long run! The life-expectancy is lower in the city!
Horton, **you** still haven't said anything! Let's get with it, sweetie!
Well... I've been thinking about fishing...

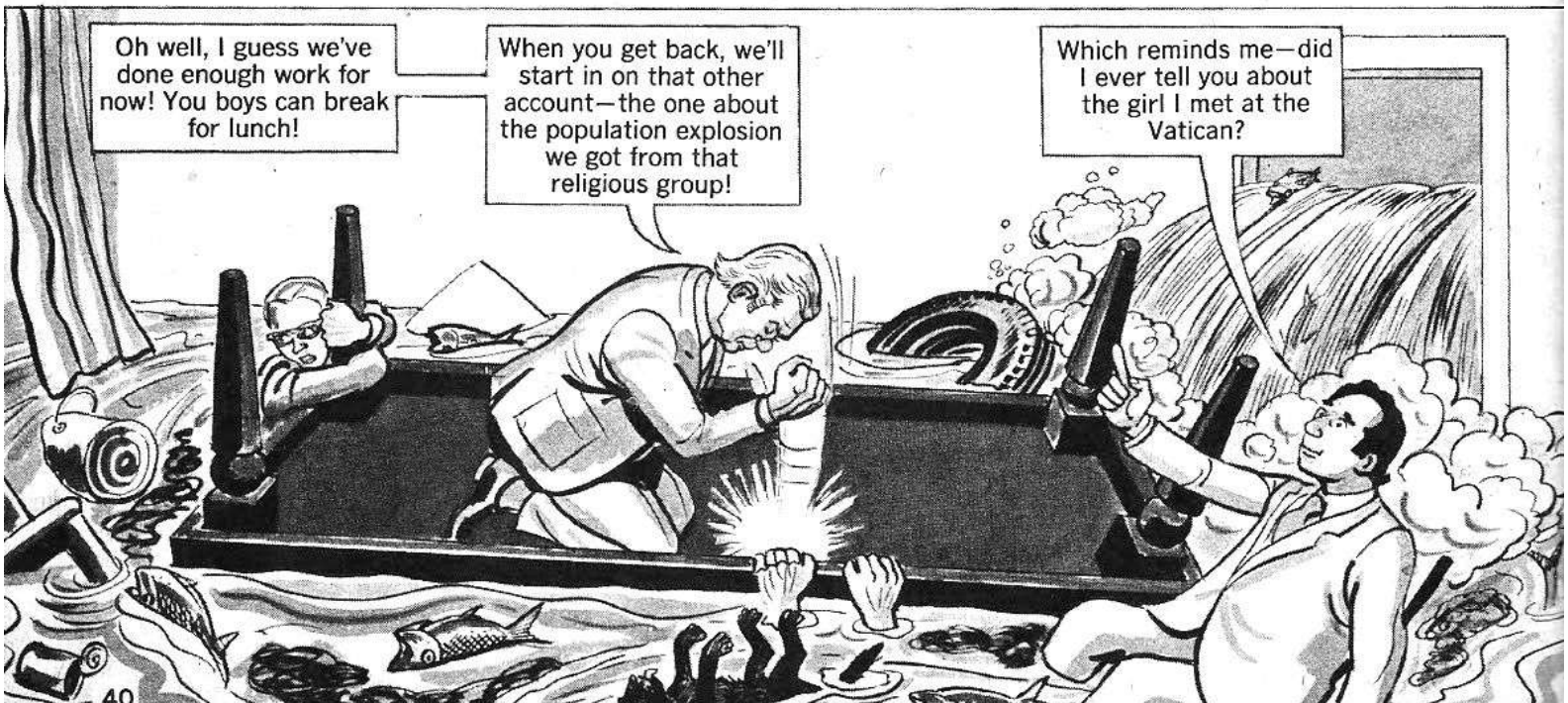
Fishing?? Horton, this is hardly the time to plan your vacation!
You've got me all wrong! I planned my vacation during last week's soap flake discussion!

What I mean is—fishermen used to have to buy rods, reels, tackle, sinkers and stuff like that...
But now, with all the dead fish floating on the surface of our lakes, they can use their **hands!**
Which reminds me—did I ever tell you about the hippie chick I picked up in Frisco last year??


What does **that** have to do with **fishing??**
She was jail bait!


You know what you free-loaders have? One-track minds!! That's what you have!!...
Don't any of you realize how **beautiful** this account is?

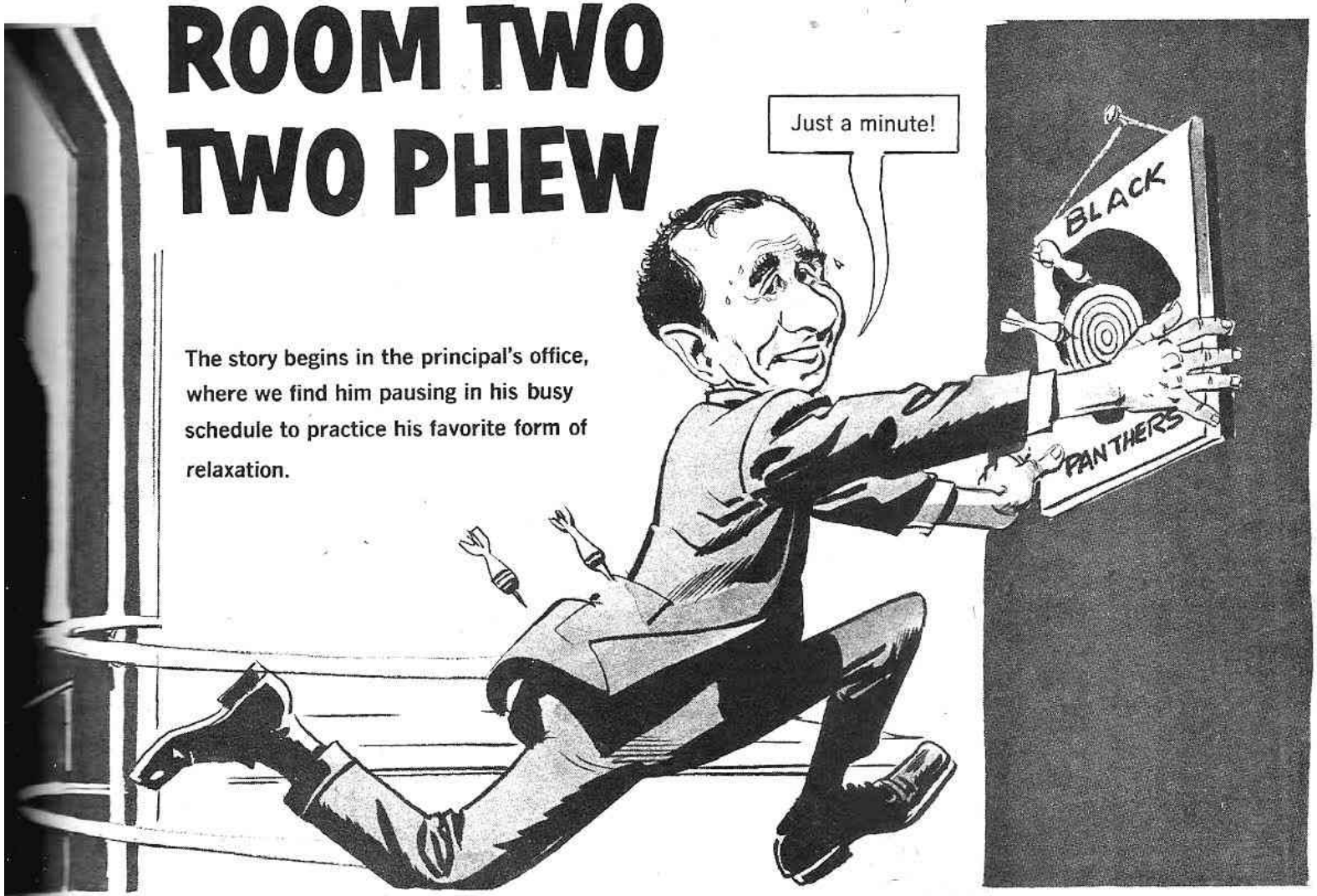

We'll be running ads in **all** the major magazines ...with beautiful, full-color photos of smog, dead fish and oil slicks!
It chokes me up just to **think** about it!
YOU TOO
CAN BE
POLLUTED


Oh well, I guess we've done enough work for now! You boys can break for lunch!
When you get back, we'll start in on that other account—the one about the population explosion we got from that religious group!
Which reminds me—did I ever tell you about the girl I met at the Vatican?

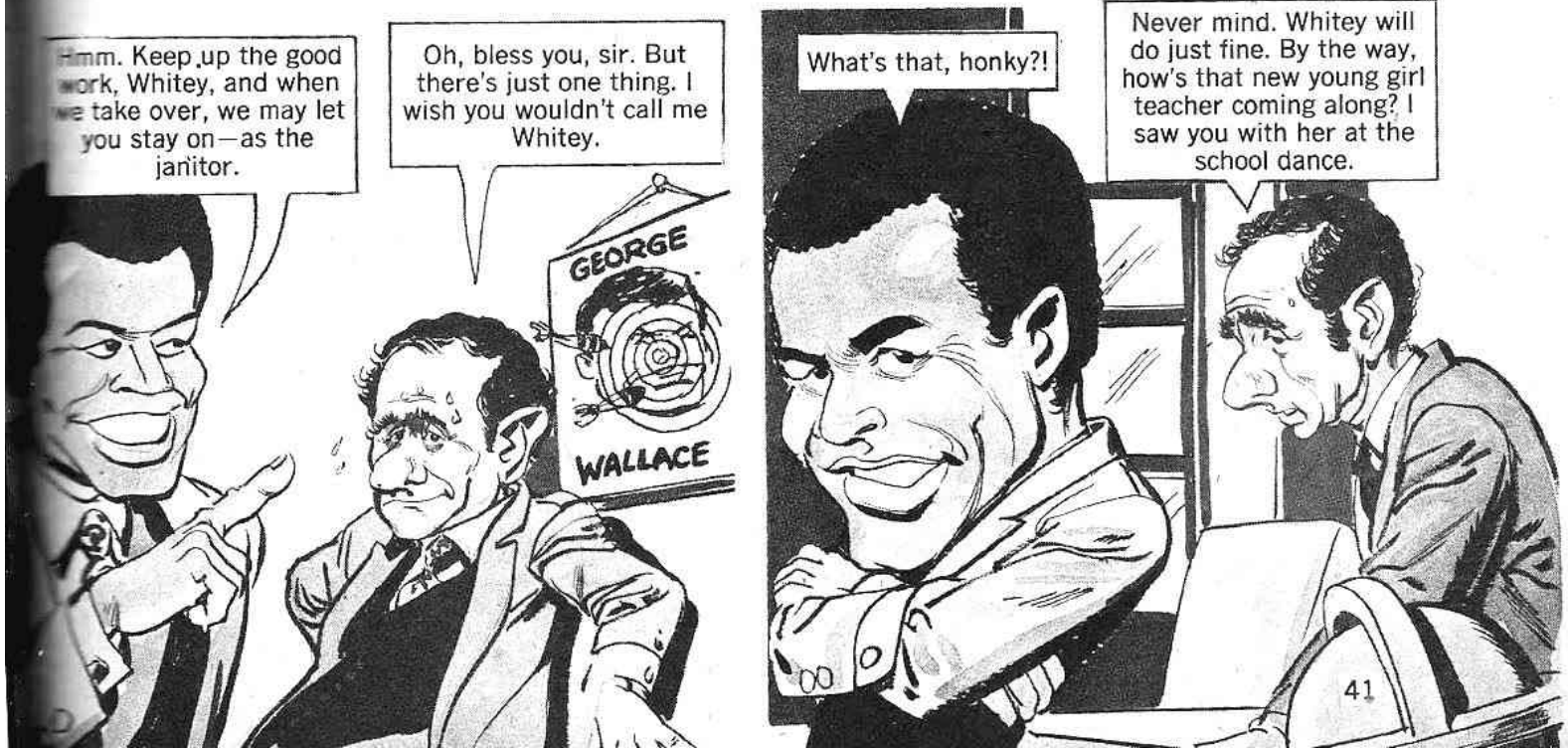
Art by Jack Sparling Script by Fred Wolfe

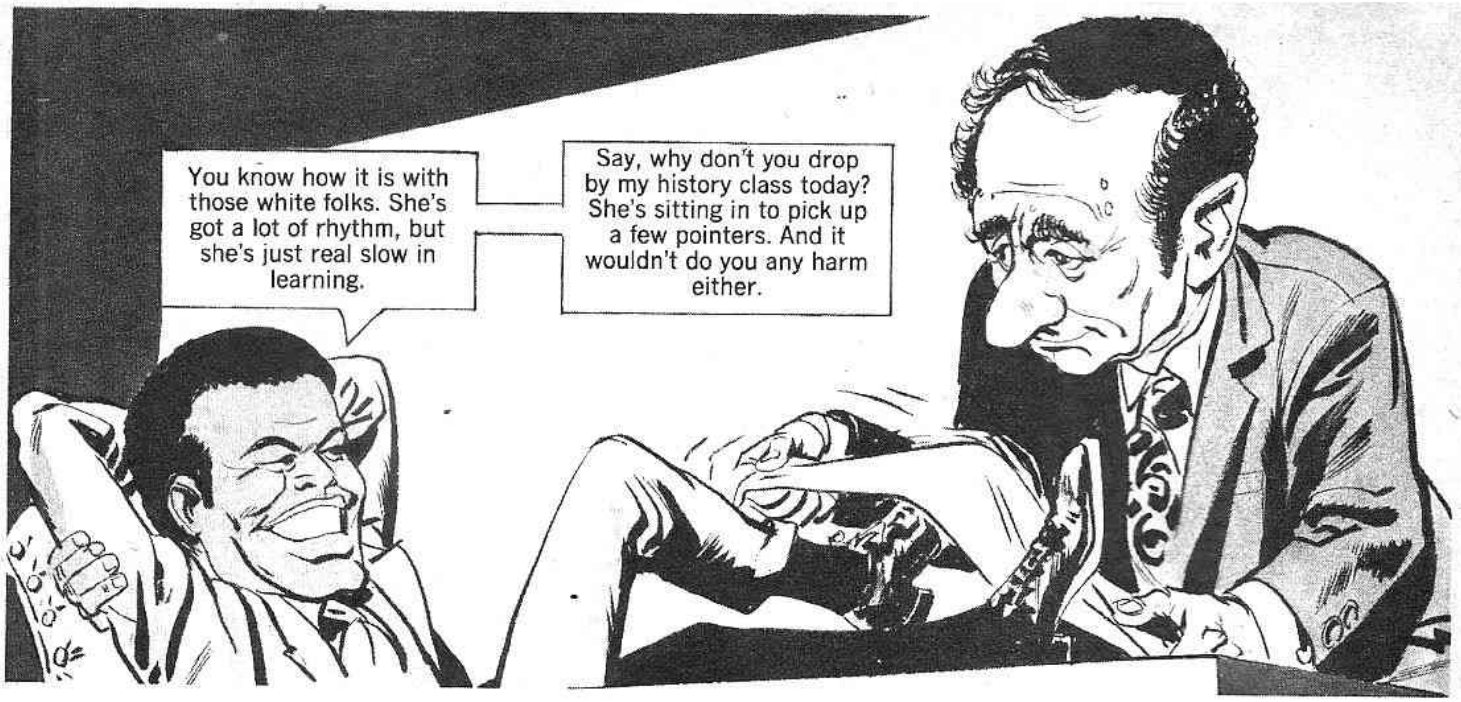
This series could easily be called: "Mr. Novak Gets A Suntan." The only difference, Room Two Two Peeuw teaches that black is beautiful (as the leading male and female roles prove); white is ordinary (as the new teacher demonstrates); and green is the color of the principal's gills, as he constantly checks his NAACP Etiquette Manual at good old "Integrated High." (Formerly "Lester Maddox Tech.")

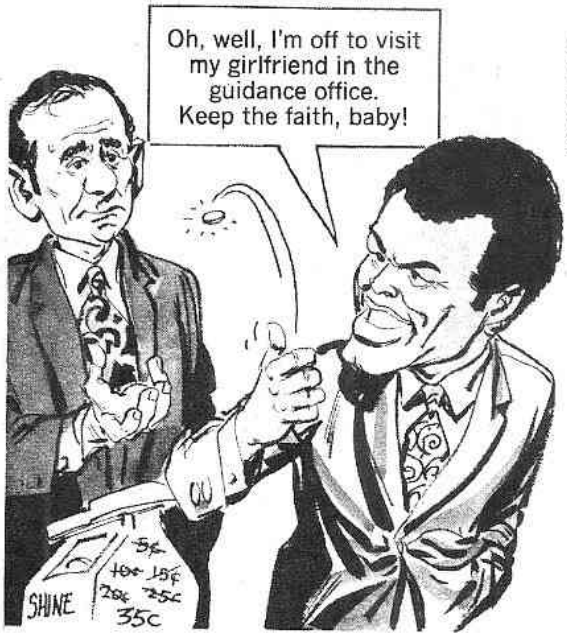
ROOM TWO TWO PHEW



The story begins in the principal's office, where we find him pausing in his busy schedule to practice his favorite form of relaxation.


Hmm. Keep up the good work, Whitey, and when we take over, we may let you stay on—as the janitor.
Oh, bless you, sir. But there's just one thing. I wish you wouldn't call me Whitey.
GEORGE
WALLACE
What's that, honky?!
Never mind. Whitey will do just fine. By the way, how's that new young girl teacher coming along? I saw you with her at the school dance.

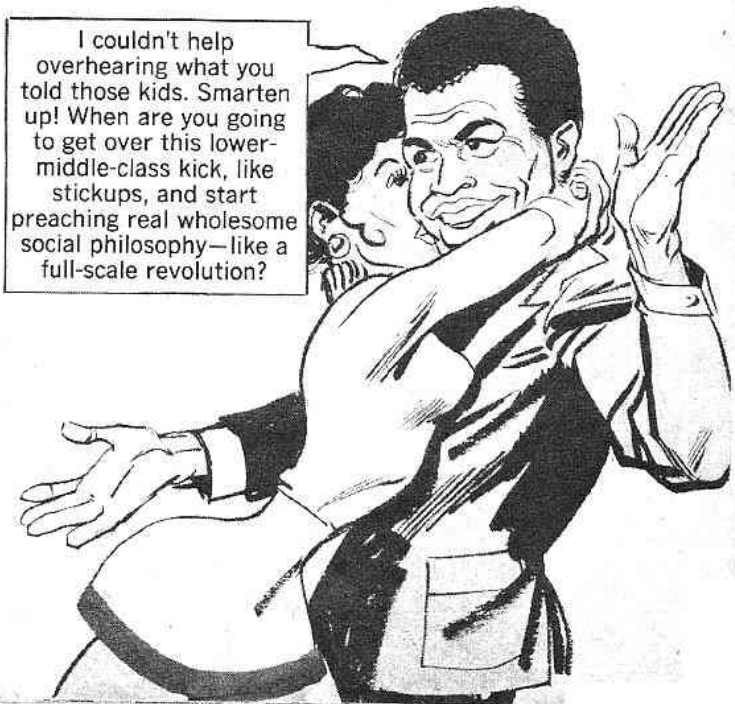

You know how it is with those white folks. She's got a lot of rhythm, but she's just real slow in learning.
Say, why don't you drop by my history class today? She's sitting in to pick up a few pointers. And it wouldn't do you any harm either.



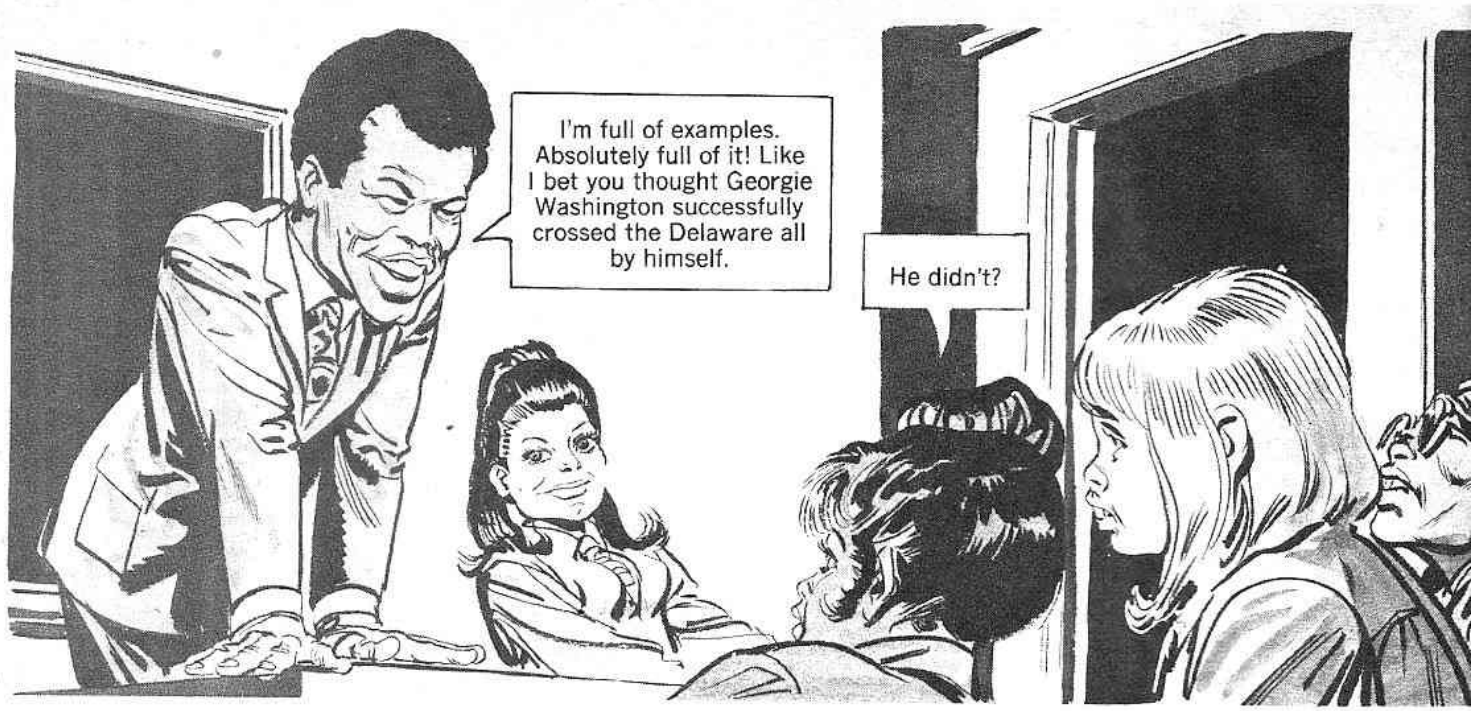
We next visit the Guidance Office, where the experienced Miss Fitt is helping young minds to set their sights ever higher.

I'm ashamed of you two. Stealing hub-caps, indeed! You've got to stop this nonsense right away, and start to think big! Banks is where the money's at!

You ain't never gonna get rich stealing tin off wheels. Here, take this basic text by Professor William Sutton and get with it!
BETTER BANK JOBS


I couldn't help overhearing what you told those kids. Smarten up! When are you going to get over this lower-middle-class kick, like stickups, and start preaching real wholesome social philosophy—like a full-scale revolution?

Honest, honey, why don't you give up this militant kick, and start thinking of a little rose-covered cottage in Scarsdale?
I try to, but each time I get blinded by the lights.
You mean from the lamps burning on our front porch?
No, I mean from the crosses burning on our front lawn! Well, I've got to run, now, and straighten out those poor white kids who've been fed all that twisted history.
Mr. Mason-Dixon, sir, I did my assignment last night. I wrote "Black Is Beautiful" one thousand times.
That's a good liberal chick. But don't bug me now, baby. You kids are in luck, today. I'm going to give you American History like it really is.
Sir, you mean to say we haven't been told the truth about our country all along? Could you give us an example?


I'm full of examples. Absolutely full of it! Like I bet you thought Georgie Washington successfully crossed the Delaware all by himself.
He didn't?

Cool it, Whitey! Do you want to set a bad example with your ignorance? As a matter of fact, George would have blew it with the British, if it weren't for Aspus Criticus, a colored private who saved the day.
How did he do that?

Well, even though the water was choppy, George Washington insisted on standing up in the boat with his feet on the prow, and the mud flying all around.

And he saved George Washington from drowning?
No, he shined George's boots so bright, they blinded the British and the Continental Army won in a walk!
I believe! I believe!
And at the Battle of New Orleans, when Andy Jackson ran out of bullets, who was it told Andy to use watermelon pitts? Another soul-brother, that's who!
And right up to modern times, white men have been taking credit for colored discoveries—like nuclear fission, for instance.
But wasn't that discovered by Albert Einstein?
What are you, some kind of troublemaker? Everybody knows it was discovered by Elijah Triple X Cleaver while settin' on a levee one day, holding a pole and a fishin' line.
This is incredible!
Will the fascist in the back kindly clam up! Like I was saying, Elijah noticed that the water was muddy. And if he expected to catch any catfish, he knew he had to find some new clear water. So, as any fool can plainly see, it was Elijah who discovered the idea of new-clear–fishin'.
Which way is Kindergarten?
BELLEVUE MENTAL
BELLEVUE MENTAL

BOOK PREVIEW
enSICKlopedia

Edited by
JOE SIMON

PYRAMID BOOKS

For many years, readers of Sick Magazine have requested that we print an anthology of jokes, stories and monologues that they can recite at parties. Evidently, our readers have nothing to say when they go to parties. We told them we would print a book on what to say at parties as soon as the party we had in our Sick office was over. It started January 3, 1960.

The **enSICKlopedia of Satire** contains monologues, skits, blackouts and anecdotes—everything but the kitchen sink. We would have thrown that in, too, but we couldn't find a funny one. Here, neatly catalogued in alphabetical disorder (Example: "Actors' Agent" appears under "Actors' Agent;" "Inventors' Agent" appears under "Agents, Inventors'." It's where the type happened to fit. To us, that's neat.) You'll find something old, something new; a lot that's borrowed, but nothing blue. In fact, it's so clean, it's the only book that ever banned Boston.

If you plan on using some of this material at a party, you should know something about public speaking. For example, there's one trick they teach you in speech class that never fails: If you're facing a noisy, restless audience, you stand absolutely still, facing your audience, not saying a word. This trick makes everyone in the audience wait quietly for you to speak and also makes everyone in your audience hate your guts.

A Sick reader recently read one of our scripts before the City Council of New York. It was a monologue about littering. After his talk, he was arrested for dropping the manuscript on the floor. He is being held without bail.

So use this book and you'll be the laugh of the party—if you walk around with it on your head, that is.

Analyze

There's an IBM booth on Broadway in New York that analyzes your character by a handwriting test. You just write your name on a card and the machine analyzes you. We wrote the name Gladivostak Pimpkin. We don't know who he is, but he's in big trouble. According to the IBM machine, he is psychotic and has definite tendencies to sign other people's names on handwriting analysis tests.

Andria Doria

A guy was drinking in his cabin on the Andria Doria when he opened the door and the Swedish ship hit them. He said: "Who ordered a ship?"

Anti-vivisection

Some of the cat owners in our set have gotten together to present a new and wonderful plan that will make anti-vivisection more than just a wild, Utopian dream. Don't get us wrong, our group is for scientific experimentation. But why do they have to use defenseless, dumb animals? Animals can't talk—that's the whole trouble. They have no way of telling the scientists if the experiment is working. But human beings can talk... Now, we wouldn't suggest for one minute that we use human beings to vivisect... Not just ANY human beings.

We'd have select groups—like bus drivers. Nobody likes bus drivers, not even other bus drivers. And when we run out of bus drivers, we have alternate groups to suggest. This group would include: Bert Parks, Loretta Young, June Allyson... Lawrence Welk, his band, and his audience, Jack Lescoulie, Durwood Kirby, the Lennon Sisters, Lawrence Welk's audience and friends...

Arnold, Benedict

Benedict Arnold would be 215 years old had he lived...and we'd still be an English Colony...

Few people know Arnold was not arrested for spying . . He was caught on Income Tax Evasion . . . which is remarkable since income tax was unheard of in his day—and so was evasion . . .

Benedict Arnold was first spy against United States . . . His closing words were "My only regret was that I got caught by my country" . . .

He had no formal training as a spy. He was self-taught. He just picked up things as he went along—maps, coded messages, plans of troop movements . . .

Benedict Arnold was ingenious in his choice of different aliases . . . He called himself Ben Alias . . . Arnold Alias . . . and Bernie Alias . . .

Many people are still steaming because Arnold was buried in an American flag . . . They think he should have been buried in a coffin . . .

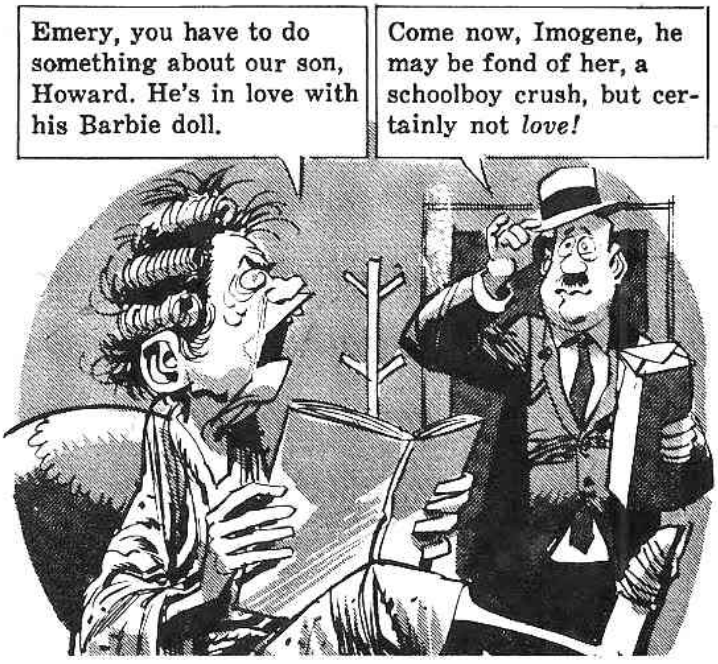
British school children wanted to build a statue of Benedict Arnold, depicting him stealing military secrets . . . However, Daughters of American Revolution objected. They said he'd have to be on a horse. So they made a statue of Arnold stealing a horse . ..

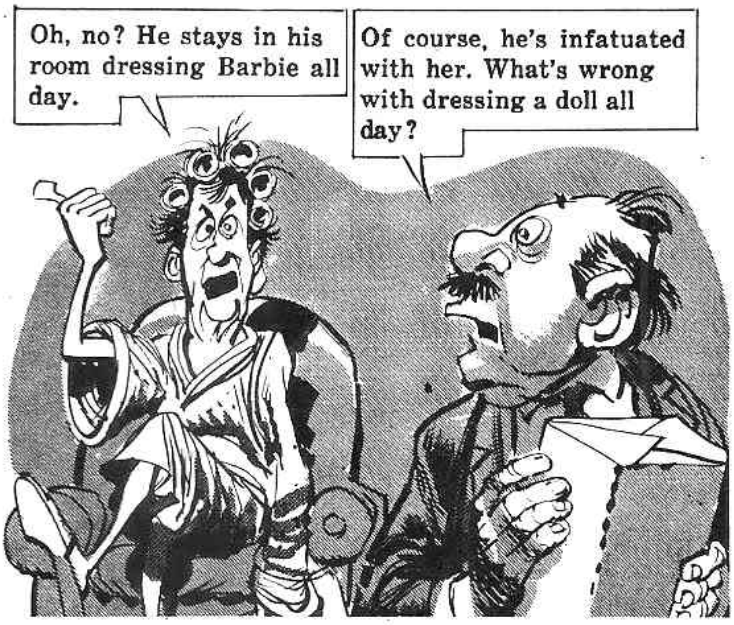
B

BARBIE DOLL

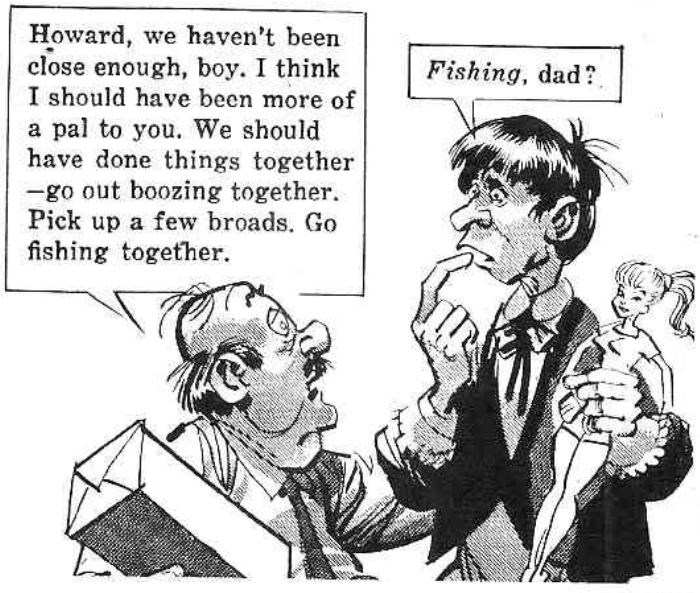
Today we've got dolls that talk, wet, walk, sing, drink water, sleep and wake up. Whatever happened to the dolls who just used to lay there? Oh, occasionally they'd open or shut their eyes, but 120 phrases and 35 changes of wardrobe? Recently, a motion picture called *"The Doll,"* was made in Sweden. It tells the story of a man who takes a department store mannequin home with him. They can't get along. It seems that every night after they've both gone to bed, she gets up and stands in the window.

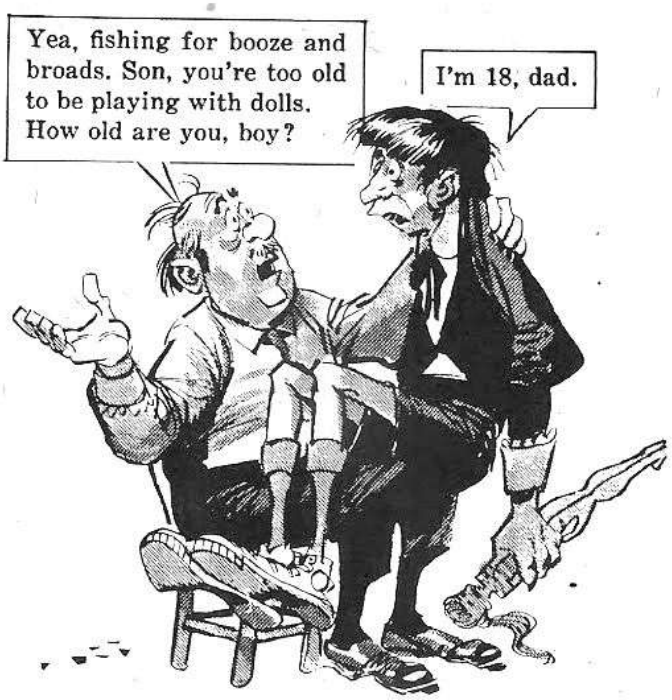
The remarkable evolution of dolls in America could lead to the following domestic problem—

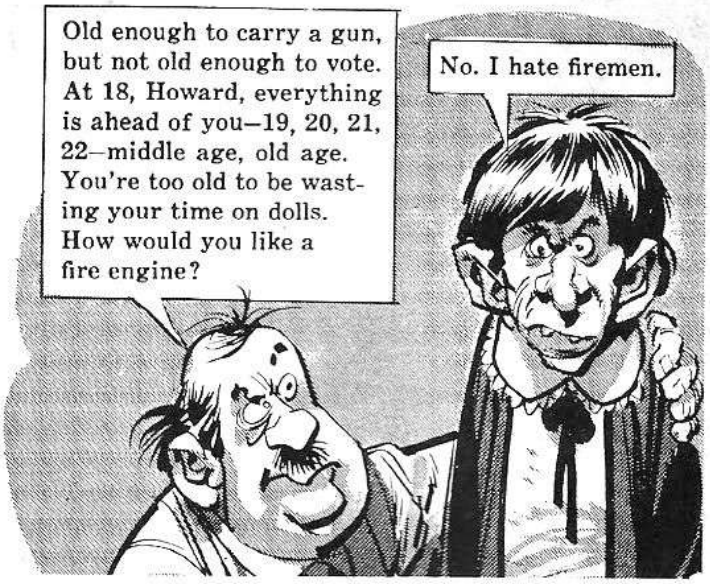

Emery, you have to do something about our son, Howard. He's in love with his Barbie doll.
Come now, Imogene, he may be fond of her, a schoolboy crush, but certainly not *love!*

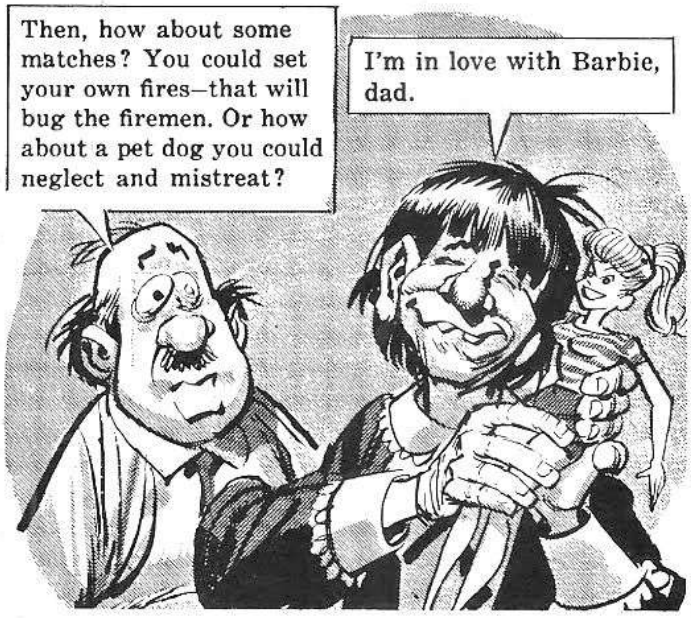

Oh, no? He stays in his room dressing Barbie all day.
Of course, he's infatuated with her. What's wrong with dressing a doll all day?

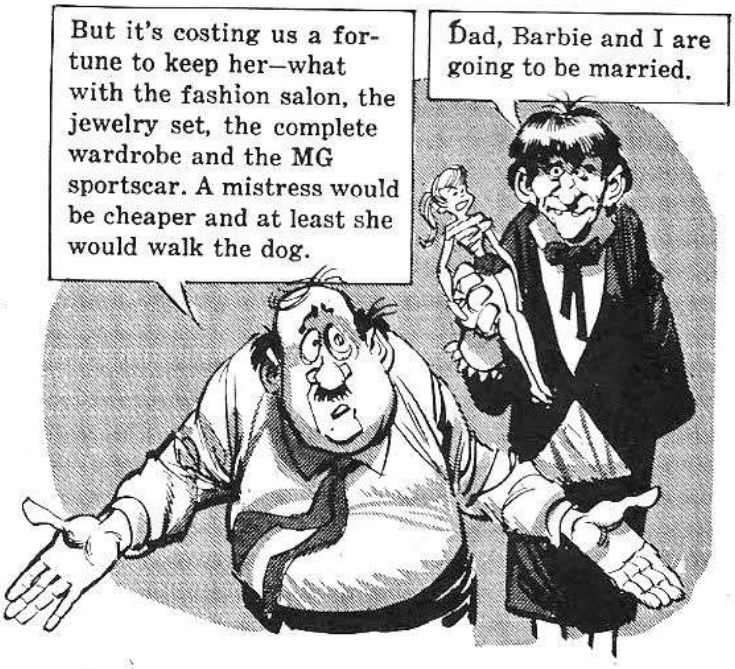
That's not all. Now, they're sending out wedding invitations.
Wedding invitations! That's absurd—who could they invite?
R. H. Macy . . . Bernard Gimbel.
All right, I'll talk to him.

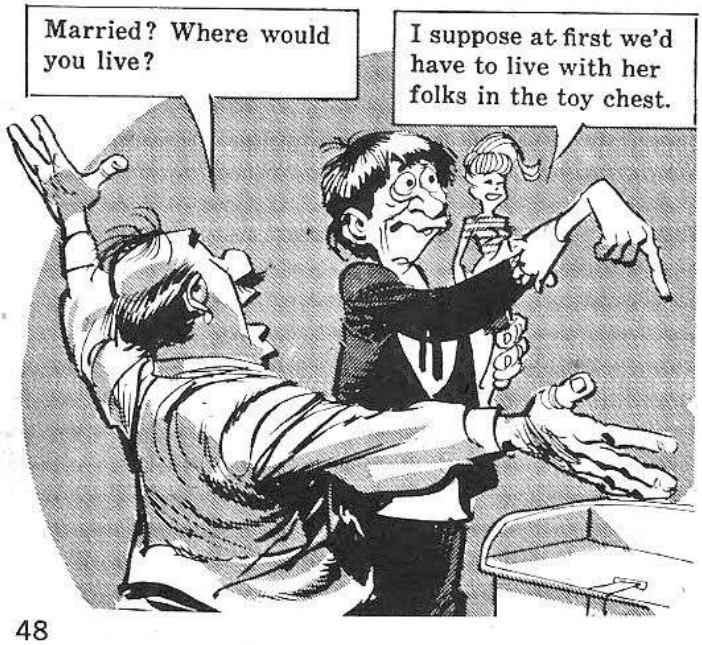

Howard, we haven't been close enough, boy. I think I should have been more of a pal to you. We should have done things together —go out boozing together. Pick up a few broads. Go fishing together.
Fishing, dad?

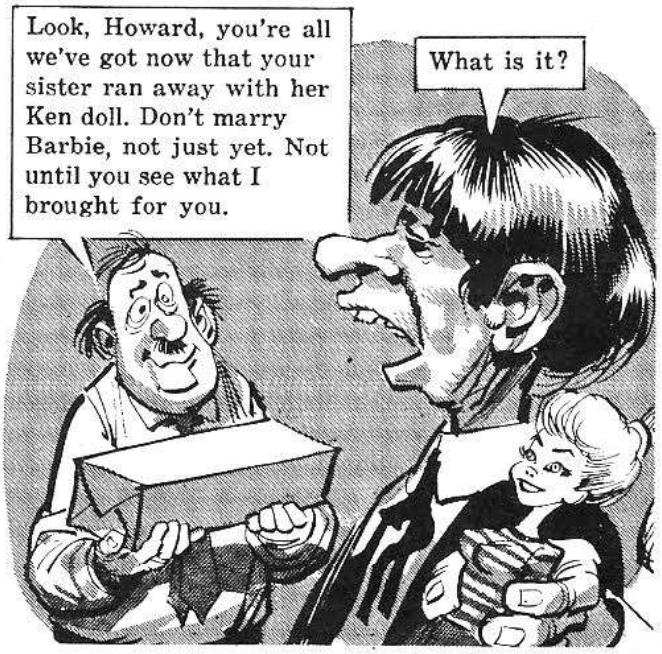

Yea, fishing for booze and broads. Son, you're too old to be playing with dolls. How old are you, boy?
I'm 18, dad.


Old enough to carry a gun, but not old enough to vote. At 18, Howard, everything is ahead of you—19, 20, 21, 22—middle age, old age. You're too old to be wasting your time on dolls. How would you like a fire engine?
No. I hate firemen.

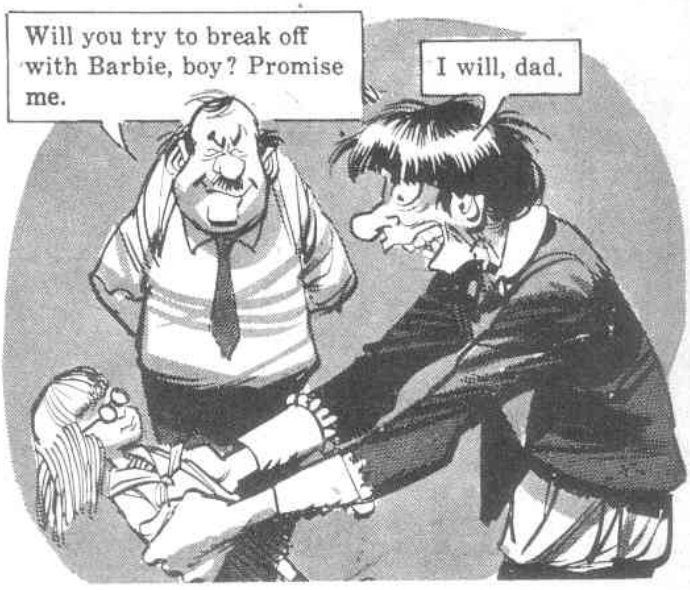

Then, how about some matches? You could set your own fires—that will bug the firemen. Or how about a pet dog you could neglect and mistreat?
I'm in love with Barbie, dad.


But it's costing us a fortune to keep her—what with the fashion salon, the jewelry set, the complete wardrobe and the MG sportscar. A mistress would be cheaper and at least she would walk the dog.
Dad, Barbie and I are going to be married.


Married? Where would you live?
I suppose at first we'd have to live with her folks in the toy chest.

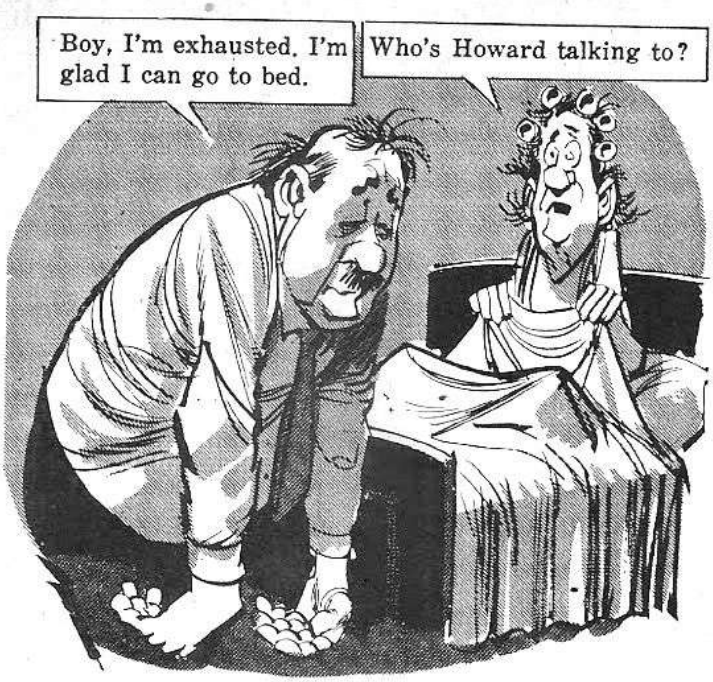

Look, Howard, you're all we've got now that your sister ran away with her Ken doll. Don't marry Barbie, not just yet. Not until you see what I brought for you.
What is it?

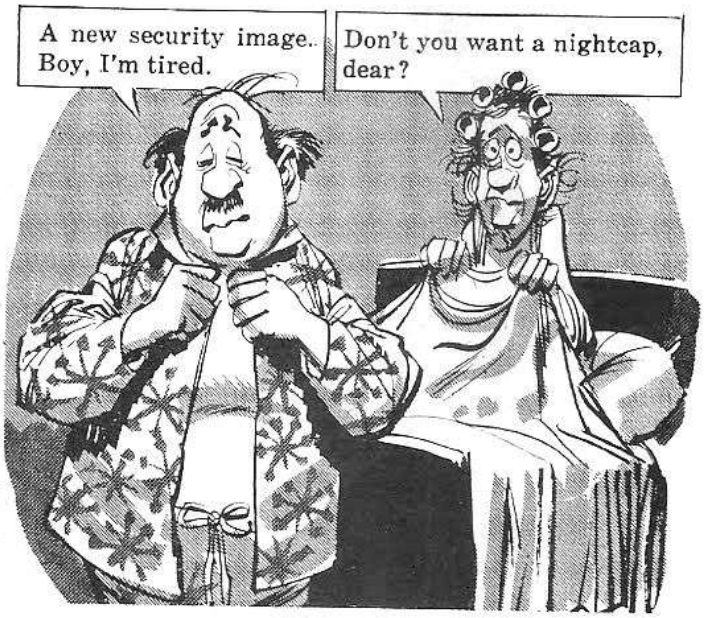
It's a Charmin' Chatty doll. Speaks 120 different phrases . . . It's a doll you can *talk* to, son.
Wow, what legs.

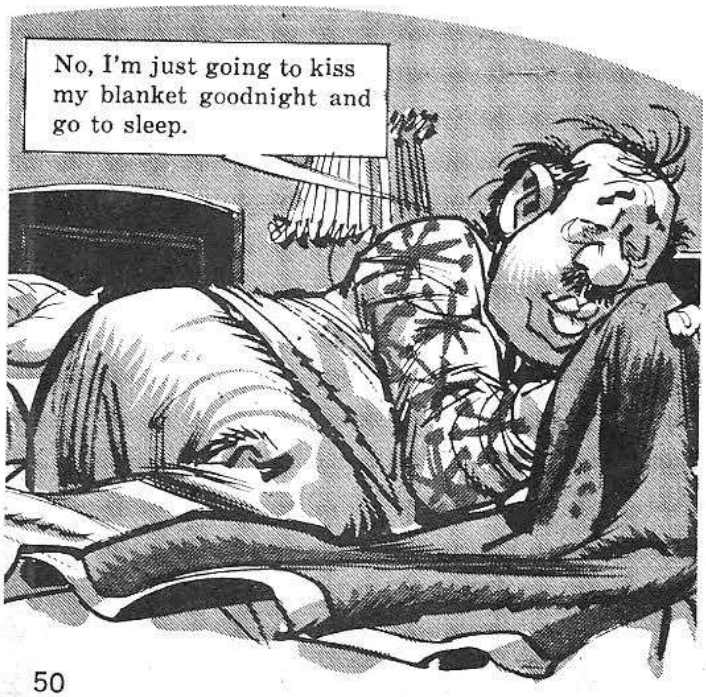

Will you try to break off with Barbie, boy? Promise me.
I will, dad.

What's your name?
Please take off my dress and put my pajamas on.

WOW! WHAT A DOLL!







Bed

The Majima Co. Ltd., of Tokyo, put a "raindrop machine" on the market. The gadget puts insomniacs to sleep with the soothing sound of raindrops. They tested it and it worked. But when the insomniac woke up, he was soaking wet.

Beeper

We love those beeper phone interviews on radio and TV. You know the ones that go like this: "Tell us, sir, what do you think about the garment strike?" "Beep."

Beer

The U.S. Brewers Association reports Americans guzzled 91,197,198 barrels of beer last year. That means every man, woman and child drank 15.1 gallons. If you drink 45 gallons this year, you'll be saving two kids from becoming drunks. Beer still ranks third behind coffee and milk in popularity, but beer is slowly replacing milk. We hope it doesn't—beer taste terrible in coffee.

Beriberi

You've heard about the guy who has the first discovered case of Beri-Beri in the last 50 years. How do you get rid of it? It's not contagious—he can't give it to anyone. He also has Bright's disease, but Bright doesn't have his...

Blonde

Paramount pictures screen-tested a hollywood starlet who was so blonde she didn't photograph.

British

LONDON—A diner came into Charlie Young's Hong Kong restaurant and hung his coat over a picture on the wall. A waiter asked why the man did that. *"It's a picture of Mao Tze-tung,"* the man said. *"It's not Mao,"* replied the waiter. *"That's Charlie Young's mother."* Police had to come in to stop the melee that followed.

Today, the Britisher is more convinced than ever that he was right about the picture. He saw a newsreel of a funeral in Peking and the mourners were carrying banners with huge pictures of Charlie Young's mother.

Bush

Red Buttons brought two bush babies back from Africa with him. When they grow up, they'll become a forest. Red met a pigmy tribe while shooting the movie. The pigmies worship idols—Mickey Rooney and Eddie Arcaro.

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